TROILUS. AND CRESSIDA,

OR,

TRUTH Found too Late.

A

TRAGEDY

As it is Acted at the

Dukes Theatre.

To which is Prefix'd, A Preface Containing the Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy.

Written by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Rectius, Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus, Hor.

London, Printed by *I. Dawks*, for *Jacob Tonson* at the *Judges-Head*, near the *Inner-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetstreet*. 1695.

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AND

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As it is Acted at the

Duke's Theatre.

Printed for Bernard Lintott, at the Cross Keys between the two Temple-Gates in Fleet-street. 1709.

TO THE

Right Honorable ROBERT EARL OF Sunderland,

Principal Secretary of State, One of His Majesties most Honourable Privy Council, &c.

My Lord,

SInce I cannot promise you much of Poetry in my Play, 'tis but reasonable that I shou'd secure you from any part of it in my Dedication. And indeed I cannot better distinguish the exactness of your taste from that of other men, than by the plainness and sincerity of my Address. I must keep my Hyperboles in reserve for men of other understandings: An hungry Appetite after praise: and a strong digestion of it, will bear the grosness of that diet: But one of so critical a judgement as your Lordship, who can set the bounds of just and proper in every subject, would give me small encouragement for so bold an undertaking. I more than suspect, my Lord, that you wou'd not do common Justice to your self: and therefore, were I to give that Character of you, which I think you truly merit, I wou'd make my appeal from your Lordship to the Reader, and wou'd justify my self from flattery by the publick voice, whatever protestation you might enter to the contrary. But I find I am to take other measures with your Lordship; I am to stand upon my guard with you, and to approach you as warily as *Horace* did *Augustus*.

Cui male ſi palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

An ill tim'd, or an extravagant commendation, wou'd not paſs upon you: but you wou'd keep off ſuch a Dedicator at arms end; and ſend him back with his *Encomiums*, to this Lord, or that Lady, who ſtood in need of ſuch trifling merchandiſe. You ſee, my Lord, what an awe you have upon me, when I dare not offer you that incenſe, which wou'd be acceptable to other Patrons: but am forc'd to curb my ſelf, from aſcribing to you thoſe honours, which even an Enemy cou'd not deny you. Yet I muſt confeſs I never practis'd that virtue of moderation (which is properly your Character) with ſo much reluctancy as now. For it hinders me from being true to my own knowledge, in not witneſſing your worth; and deprives me of the only means which I had left to ſhew the world that true honour and unintereſſed reſpect which I have always payed you. I would ſay ſomewhat, if it were poſſible, which might diſtinguiſh that veneration I have for you, from the flatteries of thoſe who adore your fortune. But the eminence of your condition, in this particular, is my unhappineſs: for it renders whatever I would ſay ſuſpected. Profeſſions of Service, ſubmiſſions and attendance, are the practiſe of all men to the great: and commonly they who have the leaſt ſincerity, perform them beſt; as they who are leaſt ingag'd in love, have their tongues the freeſt to counterfeit a paſſion: for my own part, I never cou'd ſhake off the ruſtique baſhfulneſs which hangs upon my nature; but valuing my ſelf, at as little as I am worth, have been afraid to render even the common duties of reſpect to thoſe who are in power. The Ceremonious viſits which are generally paid on ſuch occaſions, are not my talent. They may be real even in Courtiers; but they appear with ſuch a face of intereſt, that a modeſt man wou'd think himſelf in danger of having his ſincerity miſtaken for his deſign. My congratulations keep their diſtance, and paſs no farther than my heart. There it is, that I have all the joy imaginable when I ſee true worth rewarded; and virtue uppermoſt in the world.

If therefore there were one to whom I had the honour to be known; and to know him ſo perfectly, that I could ſay without flattery, he had all the depth of underſtanding that was requiſite in any able Stateſman, and all that honeſty which commonly is wanting; that he was brave without vanity, and knowing without poſitiveneſs: that he was loyal to his Prince, and a lover of his Country that his principles were full of moderation, and all his Councils ſuch as tended to heal and not to widen the breaches of the Nation: that in all his converſation there appear'd a native candour, and a deſire of doing good in all his actions; if ſuch

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an one whom I have describ'd, were at the helm, if he had risen by his merits, and were chosen out in the necessity and pressure of affairs, to remedy our confusions by the seasonableness of his advice; and to put a stop to our ruine, when we were just rowling downward to the precipice, I shou'd then congratulate the Age in which I liv'd, for the common safety; I should not despair of the Republique though *Hannibal* were at the gates; I should send up my vows for the success of such an action as *Virgil* did on the like occasion for his Patron, when he was raising up his country from the desolations of a civil war.

Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere sæclo,
Ne superi prohibete.

I know not whether I am running, in this extasy which is now upon me: I am almost ready to reassume the ancient rights of Poetry; to point out, and Prophecy the man, who was born for no less an undertaking; and whom posterity shall bless for its accomplishment. Methinks I am already taking fire from such a Character, and making room for him, under a borrow'd name amongst the Heroes of an *Epique* Poem. Neither could mine, or some more happy Genius, want encouragement under such a Patron.

Pollio amat nostram, quamvis sit rustica Musam.

But these are considerations afar off my Lord: the former part of the Prophecy must be first accomplish'd: the quiet of the Nation must be secur'd; and a mutual trust, betwixt Prince and people be renew'd: and then this great and good man will have leisure for the ornaments of peace: and make our language as much indebted to his care, as the French is to the memorie of their famous *Richelieu*. You know My Lord, how low he laid the foundations of so great a work: That he began it with a *Grammar* and a *Dictionary*; without which all those Remarques and Observations, which have since been made, had been perform'd to as little purpose as it wou'd be to consider the furniture of the Rooms before the contrivance of the House. Propriety must first be stated, ere any measures of elegance can be taken. Neither is one *Vaugelas* sufficient for such a work. 'Twas the employment of the whole Academy for many years, for the perfect knowledge of a Tongue, was never attain'd by any single person. The Court, the Colledge, and the Town, must be joyn'd in it. And as our English is a composition of the dead and living Tongues, there is requir'd a

perfect

perfect knowledge, not onely of the Greek and Latine, but of the Old German, the French and the Italian: and to help all these, a conversation with those Authours of our own, who have written with the fewest faults in prose and verse. But how barbarously we yet write and speak, your Lordship knows, and I am sufficiently sensible in my own English. For I am often put to a stand, in considering whether what I write be the Idiom of the Tongue, or false *Grammar*, and nonsence couch'd beneath that specious Name of *Anglicisme*. And have no other way to clear my doubts, but by translating my English into Latine, and thereby trying what sence the words will bear in a more stable language. I am desirous if it were possible, that we might all write with the same certainty of words and purity of phrase, to which the Italians first arriv'd, and after them the French: At least that we might advance so far, as our Tongue is capable of such a standard. It wou'd mortify an English man to consider, that from the time of *Baccace* and of *Petrarche*, the Italian has varied very little: And that the English of *Chaucer* their contemporary is not to be understood without the help of an Old *Dictionary*. But their Goth and Vandall had the fortune to be graffed on a Roman stock: Ours has the disadvantage, to be founded on the Dutch. We are full of Monosyllables, and those clog'd with Consonants, and our pronunciation is effeminate. All which are enemies to a sounding language: 'Tis true that to supply our poverty, we have trafficqued with our Neighbour Nations; by which means we abound as much in words, as *Amsterdam* does in Religions, but to order them, and make them useful after their admission is the difficulty. A greater progress has been made in this, since his Majesties return, then perhaps since the conquest to his time. But the better part of the work remains unfinish'd: And that which has been done already, since it has only been in the practise of some few writers, must be digested into Rules and Method, before it can be profitable to the General. Will your Lordship give me leave to speak out at last? and to acquaint the world, that from your ecouragement and patronage, we may one day expect to speak and write a language, worthy of the English wit, and which foreigners may not disdain to learn. Your birth, your Education, your natural endowments, the former Employments which you have had abroad, and that which to the joy of good men you now exercise at home, seem all to conspire to this design: the Genius of the Nation seems to call you out as it were by name, to polish and adorn your native language, and to take from it the reproach of its barbarity. 'Tis upon this encouragement that I have adventur'd

tur'd on the following Critique, which I humbly present you together with the Play: In which, though I have not had the leisure, nor indeed the encouragement to proceed to the Principal Subject of it, which is the words and thoughts that are suitable to Tragedie; yet the whole discourse has a tendency that way, and is preliminary to it. In what I have already done, I doubt not but I have contradicted some of my former opinions, in my loose Essays of the like nature: but of this, I dare affirm, that it is the fruit of my riper age and experience, and that self-love, or envy have no part in it. The application to English Authours is my own, and therein perhaps I may have err'd unknowingly: But the foundation of the rules is reason, and the authority of those living Critiques who have had the honour to be known to you abroad, as well as of the Ancients, who are not less of your acquaintance: Whatsoever it be, I submit it to your Lordships Judgment, from which I never will appeal, unless it be to your good nature, and your candour. If you can allow an hour of leisure to the perusal of it, I shall be fortunate that I cou'd so long entertain you; if not, I shall at least have the satisfaction to know, that your time was more usefully employ'd upon the publique. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordships most Obedient

Humble Servant,

John Dryden.

The PREFACE to the Play.

THe Poet Æschylus was held in the same veneration by the Athenians of after Ages as Shakespear is by us; and Longinus has judg'd, in favour of him, that he had a noble boldness of expression, and that his imaginations were lofty and Heroick: but on the other side Quintilian affirms, that he was daring to extravagance. 'Tis certain, that he affected pompous words, and that his sence too often was obscur'd by Figures: Notwithstanding these imperfections, the value of his Writings after his decease was such, that his Countrymen ordain'd an equal reward to those Poets who could alter his Plays to be Acted on the Theater, with those whose productions were wholly new, and of their own. The case is not the same in England; though the difficulties of altering are greater, and our reverence for Shakespear much more just, than that of the Grecians for Æschylus. In the Age of that Poet, the Greek tongue was arriv'd to its full perfection; they had then amongst them an exact Standard of Writing, and of Speaking: The English Language is not capable of such a certainty; and we are at present so far from it, that we are wanting in the very Foundation of it, a perfect Grammar. Yet it must be allow'd to the present Age, that the tongue in general is so much refin'd since Shakespear's time, that many of his words, and more of his Phrases, are scarce intelligible. And of those which we understand some are ungrammatical, others course; and his whole stile is so pester'd with Figurative expressions, that it is as affected as it is obscure. 'Tis true, that in his later Plays he had worn off somewhat of the rust; but the Tragedy which I have undertaken to correct, was, in all probability, one of his first endeavours on the Stage.

The Original story was Written by one Lollius a Lombard, in Latin verse, and Translated by Chaucer into English: intended I suppose a Satyr on the Inconstancy of Women: I find nothing of it among the ancients; not so much as the name once Cressida mention'd. Shakespear, (as I hinted) in the Apprenticeship of his Writing, model'd it into that Play, which is now called by the name of Troilus and Cressida; but so lamely is it left to us, that it is not divided into Acts: which fault I ascribe to the Actors, who Printed it after Shakespear's death; and that too, so carelessly, that a more uncorrect Copy I never saw. For the Play it self, the Author seems to have begun it with some fire; the Characters of Pandarus and Thersites, are promising enough; but as if he grew weary of his task, after an Entrance or two, he lets 'em fall: and the later part of the Tragedy is nothing but a confusion of Drums and Trumpets, Excursions and Alarms. The chief persons, who give name to the Tragedy, are left alive: Cressida is false, and is not punish'd. Yet after all, because the Play was Shakespear's, and that there appear'd in some places of it, the admirable Genius of the Author; I undertook to remove that heap of Rubbish, under which many excellent thoughts lay wholly bury'd. Accordingly, I new model'd the Plot; threw out many unnecessary persons; improv'd those Characters

rallers which were begun, and left unfiniſh'd: as Hector, Troilus, Pandarus *and* Therſites; *and added that of* Andromache. *After this, I made with no ſmall trouble, an Order and Connexion of all the Scenes; removing them from the places where they were inartificially ſet: and though it was impoſſible to keep 'em all unbroken, becauſe the Scene muſt be ſometimes in the City, and ſometimes in the Camp, yet I have ſo order'd them that there is a coherence of 'em with one another, and a dependence on the main deſign: no leaping from* Troy *to the Grecian Tents, and thence back again in the ſame Act; but a due proportion of time allow'd for every motion. I need not ſay that I have refin'd his Language, which before was obſolete; but I am willing to acknowledg, that as I have often drawn his Engliſh nearer to our times, ſo I have ſomtimes conform'd my own to his: and conſequently, the Language is not altogether ſo pure, as it is ſignificant. The Scenes of* Pandarus *and* Creſſida, *of* Troilus *and* Pandarus, *of* Andromache *with* Hector *and the Trojans, in the ſecond Act, are wholly* New: *together with that of* Neſtor *and* Ulyſſes *with* Therſites; *and that of* Therſites *with* Ajax *and* Achilles. *I will not weary my Reader with the Scenes which are added of* Pandarus *and the Lovers, in the Third; and thoſe of* Therſites, *which are wholly alter'd: but I cannot omit the laſt Scene in it, which is almoſt half the Act, betwixt* Troilus *and* Hector. *The occaſion of raiſing it was hinted to me by Mr.* Betterton: *the contrivance and working of it was my own. They who think to do me an injury, by ſaying that it is an imitation of the Scene betwixt* Brutus *and* Caſſius, *do me an honour, by ſuppoſing I could imitate the incomparable* Shakeſpear: *but let me add, that if* Shakeſpears *Scene, or that faulty Copy of it in* Amintor *and* Melantius *had never been, yet* Eutipides *had furniſh'd me with an excellent example in his* Iphigenia, *betwixt* Agamemnon *and* Menelaus: *and from thence indeed, the laſt turn of it is borrow'd. The occaſion which* Shakeſpear, Euripides, *and* Fletcher, *have all taken, is the ſame; grounded upon Friendſhip: and the quarrel of two virtuous men, rais'd by natural degrees, to the extremity of paſſion, is conducted in all three, to the declination of the ſame paſſion; and concludes with a warm renewing of their Friendſhip. But the particular groundwork which* Shakeſpear *has taken, is incomparably the beſt: Becauſe he has not only choſen two the greateſt Heroes of their Age; but has likewiſe intereſted the Liberty of* Rome, *and their own honors, who were the redeemers of it, in this debate. And if he has made* Brutus *who was naturally a patient man, to fly into exceſs at firſt; let it be remembred in his defence, that juſt before, he has received the news of* Portia's *death: whom the Poet on purpoſe neglecting a little Chronology, ſuppoſes to have dy'd before* Brutus, *only to give him an occaſion of being more eaſily exaſperated. Add to this, that the injury he had receiv'd from* Caſſius, *had long been brooding in his mind; and that a melancholy man, upon conſideration of an affront, eſpecially from a Friend, would be more eager in his paſſion, than he who had given it, though naturally more cholerick.* Euripedes *whom I have follow'd, has rais'd the quarrel betwixt two Brothers who were friends. The foundation of the Scene was this, The Grecians were wind-bound at the Port of* Aulis, *and the Oracle had ſaid, that they could not*

Sail, unleſs Agamemnon *deliver'd up his Daughter to be Sacrific'd: he refuſes; his Brother* Menelaus *urges the publick ſafety, the Father defends himſelf by arguments of natural affection, and hereupon they quarrel.* Agamemnon *is at laſt convinc'd, and promiſes to deliver up* Iphigenia, *but ſo paſſionately laments his loſs, that* Menelaus *is griev'd to have been the occaſion of it, and by a return of kindneſs offers to intercede for him with the* Grecians, *that his Daughter might not be ſacrific'd. But my friend Mr.* Rymer *has ſo largely, and with ſo much judgment deſcrib'd this Scene, in comparing it with that of* Melantius *and* Amintor, *that it is ſuperfluous to ſay more of it: I only nam'd the heads of it, that any reaſonable man might judge it was from thence I model'd my Scene betwixt* Troilus *and* Hector. *I will conclude my reflexions on it, with a paſſage of* Longinus, *concerning* Plato's *imitation of* Homer: *'We ought not to regard a good imitation as a theft; but as a beautiful 'Idea of him who undertakes to imitate, by forming himſelf on the invention and 'the work of another man; for he enters into the liſts like a new wreſtler, to diſ'pute the prize with the former Champion. This ſort of emulation ſays* Heſiod, *'is honourable,* Ἀγαθὴ δ' ἔρις ἥδε βροτοῖσιν — *When we combat for Victory with 'a Hero, and are not without glory even in our overthrow. Thoſe great men 'whom we purpoſe to our ſelves as patterns of our imitation, ſerve us as a Torch, 'which is lifted up before us, to enlighten our paſſage; and often elevate our 'thoughts as high, as the conception we have of our Authors Genius.*

I have been ſo tedious in three Acts, that I ſhall contract my ſelf in the two laſt. The beginning Scenes of the fourth Act are either added, or chang'd wholly by me; the middle of it is Shakeſpear *alter'd, and mingled with my own, three or four of the laſt Scenes are altogether new. And the whole Fifth Act, both the Plot and the Writing are my own Additions.*

But having written ſo much for imitation of what is excellent, in that part of the Preface *which related only to my ſelf; methinks it would neither be unprofitable nor unpleaſant, to enquire how far we ought to imitate our own Poets,* Shakeſpear *and* Fletcher *in their Tragedies: And this will occaſion another enquiry, how theſe two Writers differ between themſelves: but ſince neither of theſe queſtions can be ſolv'd unleſs ſome meaſures be firſt taken, by which we may be enabled to judge truly of their Writings: I ſhall endeavor as briefly as I can, to diſcover the grounds and reaſon of all Criticiſm, applying them in this place only to Tragedy.* Ariſtotle *with his Interpreters, and* Horace, *and* Longinus, *are the Authors to whom I owe my lights; and what part ſoever of my own Plays, or of this, which no mending could make regular, ſhall fall under the condemnation of ſuch Judges, it would be impudent in me to defend. I think it no ſhame to retract my errors, and am well pleas'd to ſuffer in the cauſe, if the Art may be improv'd at my expence: I therefore proceed to,*

The Grounds of Criticiſm in Tragedy.

TRagedy is thus defin'd by Ariſtotle, *(omitting what I thought unneceſſary in his Definition.) 'Tis an imitation of one intire, great, and probable action; not told but repreſented, which by moving in us fear and pity, is conducive*

conducive to the purging of these two passions in our minds. More largely thus, Tragedy describes or paints an Action, which Action must have all the proprieties above nam'd. First, it must be one or single, that is, it must not be a History of one Mans life: Suppose of Alexander the Great, or Julius Cæsar, but one single action of theirs. This condemns all Shakespears Historical Plays, which are rather Chronicles represented, than Tragedies, and all double action of Plays. As to avoid a Satyr upon others, I will make bold with my own Marriage-A-la-Mode, where there are manifestly two Actions, not depending on one another: but in Oedipus there cannot properly be said to be two Actions, because the love of Adrastus and Euridice has a necessary dependance on the principal design, into which it is woven. The natural reason of this Rule is plain, for two different independant actions, distract the attention and concernment of the Audience, and consequently destroy the intention of the Poet: If his business be to move terror and pity, and one of his Actions be Comical, the other Tragical, the former will divert the people, and utterly make void his greater purpose. Therefore as in Perspective, so in Tragedy, there must be a point of sight in which all the lines terminate: Otherwise the eye wanders, and the work is false. This was the practice of the Grecian Stage. But Terence made an innovation in the Roman: all his Plays have double Actions; for it was his custome to Translate two Greek Comedies, and to weave them into one of his, yet so, that both the Actions were Comical; and one was principal, the other but secondary or subservient. And this has obtain'd on the English Stage, to give us the pleasure of variety.

As the Action ought to be one, it ought as such, to have Order in it, that is, to have a natural beginning, a middle, and an end: A natural beginning says Aristotle, is that which could not necessarily have been plac'd after another thing, and so of the rest. This consideration will arraign all Plays after the new model of Spanish Plots, where accident is heap'd upon accident, and that which is first might as reasonably be last: an inconvenience not to be remedied, but by making one accident naturally produce another, otherwise 'tis a Farce, and not a Play. Of this nature, is the Slighted Maid; where there is no Scene in the first Act, which might not by as good reason be in the fifth And if the Action ought to be one, the Tragedy ought likewise to conclude with the Action of it. Thus in Mustapha, the Play should naturally have ended with the death of Zangir, and have given us the grace Cup after Dinner, of Solyman's divorce from Roxolana.

The following properties of the Action are so easy, that they need not my explaining. It ought to be great, and to consist of great Persons, to distinguish it from Comedy; where the Action is trivial, and the persons of inferior rank. The last quality of the action is, that it ought to be probable, as well as admirable and great. 'Tis not necessary that there should be Historical truth in it; but always necessary that there should be a likeness of truth, something that is more then barely possible, probable being that which succeds or happens oftner than it misses. To invent therefore a probability, and to make it wonderfull, is the most difficult undertaking in the Art of Poetry: for that which is not won-

derfull, is not great, and that which is not probable, will not delight a reasonable Audience. This action thus describ'd, must be represented and not told, to distinguish Dramatic Poetry from Epic: but I hasten to the end, or scope of Tragedy; which is to rectify or purge our passions, fear and pity.

To instruct delightfully is the general end of all Poetry: Philosophy instructs, but it performs its work by precept: which is not delightfull, or not so delightfull as Example. To purge the passions by Example, is therefore the particular instruction which belongs to Tragedy. Rapin a judicious Critic, has observ'd from Aristotle, that pride and want of commiseration are the most predominant vices in Mankind: therefore to cure us of these two, the inventors of Tragedy, have chosen to work upon two other passions, which are fear and pity. We are wrought to fear, by their setting before our eyes some terrible example of misfortune, which hapned to persons of the highest Quality; for such an action demonstrates to us, that no condition is priviledg'd from the turns of Fortune: this must of necessity cause terror in us, and consequently abate our pride. But when we see that the most virtuous, as well as the greatest, are not exempt from such misfortunes, that consideration moves pity in us: and insensibly works us to be helpfull to, and tender over the distress'd which is the noblest and most God-like of moral virtues. Here 'tis observable, that it is absolutely necessary to make a man virtuous, if we desire he should be pity'd: We lament not, but detest a wicked man, we are glad when we behold his crimes are punish'd, and that Poetical justice is done upon him. Euripides was censur'd by the Critics of his time, for making his chief characters too wicked: for example, Phædra though she lov'd her Son-in-law with reluctancy, and that it was a curse upon her Family for offending Venus; yet was thought too ill a pattern for the Stage. Shall we therefore banish all characters of villany? I confess I am not of that opinion; but it is necessary that the Hero of the Play be not a Villain, that is, the characters which should move our pity ought to have virtuous inclinations, and degrees of morall goodness in them. As for a perfect character of virtue, it never was in Nature; and therefore there can be no imitation of it: but there are allays of frailty to be allow'd for the chief Persons, yet so that the good which is in them, shall outweigh the bad; and consequently leave room for punishment on the one side, and pity on the other.

After all, if any one will ask me, whether a Tragedy cannot be made upon any other grounds, than those of exciting pity and terror in us? Bossu, the best of modern Critics, answers thus in general: That all excellent Arts, and particularly that of Poetry, have been invented and brought to perfection by men of a transcendent Genius: and that therefore they who practice afterwards the same Arts, are oblig'd to tread in their footsteps, and to search in their Writings the foundation of them: for it is not just that new Rules should destroy the authority of the old. But Rapin writes more particularly thus: That no passions in a story are so proper to move our concernment as Fear and Pity; and that it is from our concernment we receive our pleasure, is undoubted; when the Soul becomes agitated with fear for one character, or hope for another; then it is that we are pleas'd in Tragedy, by the interest which we take in their adventures.

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Here therefore the general answer may be given to the first question, how far we ought to imitate Shakespear *and* Fletcher *in their Plots; namely that we ought to follow them so far only, as they have Copy'd the excellencies of those who invented and brought to perfection Dramatic Poetry: those things only excepted which Religion, customs of Countries, Idioms of Languages, &c. have alter'd in the Superstructures, but not in the foundation of the design.*

How defective Shakespear *and* Fletcher *have been in all their Plots, Mr.* Rymer *has discover'd in his* Criticisms: *neither can we, who follow them, be excus'd from the same or greater errors; which are the more unpardonable in us, because we want their beauties to counterveil our faults. The best of their designs, the most approaching to Antiquity, and the most conducing to move pity, is the* King and no King; *which if the Farce of* Bessus *were thrown away, is of that inferior sort of Tragedies, which end with a prosperous event. 'Tis probably deriv'd from the story of* OEdipus, *with the character of* Alexander the Great, *in his extravagancies, given to* Arbaces: *The taking of this Play, amongst many others, I cannot wholy ascribe to the excellency of the action; for I find it moving when it is read: 'tis true, the faults of the Plot are so evidently prov'd, that they can no longer be deny'd. The beauties of it must therefore lie either in the lively touches of the passions: or we must conclude, as I think we may, that even in imperfect Plots, there are less degrees of Nature, by which some faint emotions of pity and terror are rais'd in us: as a less Engine will raise a less proportion of weight, though not so much as one of* Archimedes *making; for nothing can move our nature, but by some natural reason, which works upon passions. And since we acknowledge the effect, there must be something in the cause.*

The difference between Shakespear *and* Fletcher *in their Plotting seems to be this, that* Shakespear *generally moves more terror, and* Fletcher *more compassion: For the first had a more Masculine, a bolder and more fiery Genius; the Second a more soft and Womanish. In the mechanic beauties of the Plot, which are the Observation of the three Unities, Time, Place, and Action, they are both deficient; but* Shakespear *most.* Ben. Johnson *reform'd those errors in his Comedies, yet one of* Shakespear's *was Regular before him: which is,* The Merry Wives of Windsor. *For what remains concerning the design, you are to be refer'd to our English Critic. That method which he has prescrib'd to raise it from mistake, or ignorance of the crime, is certainly the best though 'tis not the only: for amongst all the Tragedies of of* Sophocles, *there is but one,* OEdipus, *which is wholy built after that model.*

After the Plot, which is the foundation of the Play, the next thing to which we ought to apply our Judgment is the manners, for now the Poet comes to work above ground: the ground-work indeed is that which is most necessary, as that upon which depends the firmness of the whole Fabric; yet it strikes not the eye so much, as the beauties or imperfections of the manners, the thoughts and the expressions.

The first Rule which Bossu, *prescribes to the Writer of an Heroic Poem, and which holds too by the same reason in all Dramatic Poetry, is to make the*

moral

moral of the work; that is, to lay down to your self what that precept of morality shall be, which you would insinuate into the people: as namely, Homer's, (which I have Copy'd in my Conquest of Granada) was, that Union preserves a Commou-wealth, and discord destroys it. Sophocles, in his Odipus, that no man is to be accounted happy before his death. 'Tis the Moral that directs the whole action of the Play to one center; and that action or Fable, is the example built upon the moral, which confirms the truth of it to our experience: when the Fable is design'd, then and not before, the Persons are to be introduc'd with their manners, characters and passions.

The manners in a Poem, are understood to be those inclinations, whether natural or acquired, which move and carry us to actions: good, bad, or indifferent in a Play; or which incline the persons to such, or such actions: I have anticipated part of this discourse already, in declaring that a Poet ought not to make the manners perfectly good in his best persons, but neither are they to be more wicked in any of his characters, than necessity requires. To produce a Villain, without other reason than a natural inclination to villany, is in Poetry to produce an effect without a cause: and to make him more a Villain than he has just reason to be, is to make an effect which is stronger than the cause.

The manners arise from many causes: and are either distinguish'd by complexion, as choleric and phlegmatic, or by the difference of Age or Sex, of Climates, or Quality of the persons, or their present condition: they are likewise to be gather'd from the several Virtues, Vices, or Passions, and many other common-places, which a Poet must be suppos'd to have learn'd from natural Philosophy, Ethics, and History; of all which whosoever is ignorant, does not deserve the Name of Poet.

But as the manners are usefull in this Art, they may be all compris'd under these general heads: First, they must be apparent, that is in every character of the Play, some inclinations of the Person must appear: and these are shown in the actions and discourse. Secondly, the manners must be suitable or agreeing to the Persons; that is, to the Age, Sex, dignity, and the other general heads of Manners: thus when a Poet has given the Dignity of a King to one of his persons, in all his actions and speeches, that person must discover Majesty, Magnanimity, and jealousy of power; because these are suitable to the general manners of a King. The third property of manners is resemblance; and this is founded upon the particular characters of men, as we have them deliver'd to us by relation or History: that is, when a Poet has the known character of this or that man before him, he is bound to represent him such, at least not contrary to that which Fame has reported him to have been: thus it is not a Poets choice to make Ulysses choleric, or Achilles patient, because Homer has describ'd 'm quite otherwise. Yet this is a Rock, on which ignorant Writers daily split: and the absurdity is as monstrous, as if a Painter should draw a Coward running from a Battel, and tell us it was the Picture of Alexander the Great.

The last property of manners is, that they be constant, and equal, that is, maintain'd the same through the whole design: thus when Virgil had once given the name of Pious to Æneas, he was bound to show him such, in all his

words

words and actions through the whole Poem. All these properties Horace *has hinted to a judicious observer.* 1. Notandi sunt tibi mores, 2. aut famam sequere, 3. aut sibi convenientia finge. 4. Servetur ad imum, qualis ab incæpto processerat, & sibi constet.

From the manners, the Characters of persons are deriv'd, for indeed the characters are no other than the inclinations, as they appear in the several persons of the Poem. A character being thus defin'd, that which distinguishes one man from another. Not to repeat the same things over again which have been said of the manners, I will only add what is necessary here. A character, or that which distinguishes one man from all others, cannot be suppos'd to consist of one particular Virtue, or Vice, or passion only; but 'tis a composition of qualities which are not contrary to one another in the same person: thus the same man may be liberal and valiant, but not liberal and covetous; so in a Comical character, or humor (which is an inclination to this, or that particular folly) Falstaff *is a lyar, and a coward, a Glutton, and a Buffoon, because all these qualities may agree in the same man; yet it is still to be observ'd, that one virtue, vice, and passion, ought to be shown in every man, as predominant over all the rest: as covetousness in* Crassus, *love of his Country in* Brutus; *and the same in characters which are feign'd.*

The chief character or Hero in a Tragedy, as I have already shown, ought in prudence to be such a man, who has so much more in him of Virtue than of Vice, that he may be left amiable to the Audience, which otherwise cannot have any concernment for his sufferings: and 'tis on this one character that the pity and terror must be principally, if not wholly founded. A Rule which is extreamly necessary, and which none of the Critics that I know have fully enough discover'd to us. For terror and compassion work but weakly, when they are divided into many persons. If Creon *hath been the chief character in* OEdipus, *there had neither been terror nor compassion mov'd; but only detestation of the man, and joy for his punishment; if* Adrastus *and* Euridice *had been made more appearing characters, then the pity had been divided, and lessen'd in the part of* OEdipus: *but making* OEdipus *the best and bravest person, and even* Jocasta *but an underpart to him; his virtues and the punishment of his fatal crime, drew both the pity and the terror to himself.*

By what had been said of the manners, it will be easy for a reasonable man to judge, whether the characters be truly or falsely drawn in a Tragedy; for if there be no manners appearing in the characters, no concernment for the persons can be rais'd: no pity or horror can be mov'd, but by vice or virtue, therefore without them, no person can have any business in the Play. If the inclinations be obscure, 'tis a sign the Poet is in the dark, and knows not what manner of man he presents to you; and consequently you can have no Idea, or very imperfect, of that man: nor can judge what resolutions he ought to take; or what words or actions are proper for him: Most Comedies made up of accidents, or adventures, are liable to fall into this error: and Tragedies with many turns are subject to it: for the manners never can be evident where the surprises of Fortune take up all the business of the Stage; and where the Poet is

more in pain, to tell you what hapned to such a man, than what he was. 'Tis one of the excellencies of Shakespear, that the manners of his persons are generally apparent; and you see their bent and inclinations. Fletcher comes far short of him in this, as indeed he does almost in every thing: there are but glimmerings of manners in most of his Comedies, which run upon adventures: and in his Tragedies, Rollo, Otto, the King and No King, Melantius, and many others of his best, are but Pictures shown you in the twi-light; you know not whether they resemble vice, or virtue, and they are either good, bad, or indifferent, as the present Scene requires it. But of all Poets, this commendation is to be given to Ben. Johnson, that the manners even of the most inconsiderable persons in his Plays are every where apparent.

By considering the Second qualitie of manners, which is that they be suitable to the Age, Quality, Country, Dignity, &c. of the character, we may likewise judge whether a Poet has follow'd Nature. In this kind Sophocles and Euripides, have more excell'd among the Greeks than Æschylus: and Terence, more than Plautus among the Romans. Thus Sophocles gives to OEdipus the true qualities of a King, in both those Plays which bear his Name: but in the latter which is the OEdipus Colonœus, he lets fall on purpose his Tragic Stile, his Hero speaks not in the Arbitrary tone; but remembers in the softness of his complaints, that he is an unfortunate blind Old-man, that he is banish'd from his Country, and persecuted by his next Relations. The present French Poets are generally accus'd that wheresoever they lay the Scene, or in what soever Age, the manners of their Heroes are wholly French: Racin's Bajazet is bred at Constantinople; but his civilities are convey'd to him by some secret passage, from Versailles into the Seraglio. But our Shakespear, having ascrib'd to Henry the Fourth the character of a King, and of a Father, gives him the perfect manners of each Relation, when either he transacts with his Son, or with his Subjects. Fletcher, on the other side gives neither to Arbaces, nor to his King in the Maids Tragedy, the qualities which are suitable to a Monarch: though he may be excus'd a little in the latter; for the King there is not uppermost in the character; 'tis the Lover of Evadne, who is King only, in a second consideration; and though he be unjust; and has other faults which shall be nameless, yet he is not the Hero of the Play: 'tis true we find him a lawful Prince, (though I never heard of any King that was in Rhodes) and therefore Mr. Rymers Criticism stands good; that he should not be shown in so vicious a character. Sophocles has been more judicious in his Antigona, for though he represent in Creon a bloody Prince, yet he makes him not a lawful King, but an Usurper, and Antigona her self is the Heroin of the Tragedy: But when Philaster wounds Arethusa and the Boy; and Perigot his Mistress, in the faithfull Shepherdess, both these are contrary to the character of Manhood: Nor is Valentinian manag'd much better, for though Fletcher has taken his Picture truly, and shown him as he was, an effeminate voluptuous man, yet he has forgotten that he was an Emperor, and has given him none of those Royal marks, which ought to appear in a lawfull Successor of the Throne. If it be enquir'd, what Fletcher should have done on this occasion; ought he not to have represented

represented Valentinian *as he was?* Bossu *shall answer this question for me, by an instance of the like nature:* Mauritius *the Greek Emperor, was a Prince far surpassing* Valentinian, *for he was indued with many Kingly virtues; he was Religious, Mercifull, and Valiant, but withall he was noted of extream covetousness, a vice which is contrary to the character of a Hero, or a Prince: therefore says the Critic, that Emperor was no fit person to be represented in a Tragedy, unless his good qualities were only to be shown, and his covetousness (which sullyed them all) were slur'd over by the artificer of the Poet. To return once more to* Shakespear; *no man ever drew so many characters, or generally distinguished 'em better from one another, excepting only* Jonson: *I will instance but in one, to show the copiousness of his Invention, 'tis that of* Calyban, *or the Monster in the* Tempest. *He seems there to have created a person which was not in Nature, a baldness which at first sight would appear intolerable: for he makes him a Species of himself, begotten by an* Incubus *on a Witch; but this as I have elsewhere prov'd, is not wholy beyond the bounds of credibility, at least the vulgar still believe it. We have the separated notions of a spirit, and of a Witch; (and Spirits according to* Plato, *are vested with a subtil body; according to some of his followers, have different Sexes) therefore as from the distinct apprehensions of a Horse, and of a Man, Imagination has form'd a* Centaur, *so from those of an* Incubus *and a* Sorceress, Shakespear *has produc'd his Monster. Whether or no his Generation can be defended, I leave to Philosophy; but of this I am certain, that the Poet has most judiciously furnish'd him with a person, a Language, and a character, which will suit him, both by Fathers and Mothers side: he has all the discontents, and malice of a Witch, and of a Devil; besides a convenient proportion of the deadly sins; Gluttony, Sloth, and Lust, are manifest; the dejectedness of a slave is likewise given him, and the ignorance of one bred up in a Desart Island. His person is monstrous, as he is the product of unnatural Lust; and his language is as hobgoblin as his person: in all things he is distinguish'd from other mortals. The characters of* Fletcher *are poor and narrow in comparison of* Shakespears; *I remember not one which is not borrowed from him; unless you will except that strange mixture of a man in the* King and no King: *So that in this part* Shakespear *is generally worth our Imitation; and to imitate* Fletcher *is but to Copy after him who was a Copyer.*

Under this general head of Manners, the passions are naturally included, as belonging to the Characters. I speak not of pity and of terror, which are to be mov'd in the Audience by the Plot; but of Anger, Hatred, Love, Ambition, Jealousy, Revenge, &c. as they are shown in this or that person of the Play. To describe these naturally, and to move them artfully, is one of the greatest commendations which can be given to a Poet: to write pathetically, says Longinus, *cannot proceed but from a lofty Genius. A Poet must be born with this quality; yet unless he help himself by an acquir'd knowledg of the Passions, what they are in their own nature, and by what springs they are to be mov'd, he will be subject either to raise them where they ought not to be rais'd, or not to raise them by the just degrees of Nature, or to amplify them beyond the natural*

bounds, or not to observe the crisis and turns of them, in their cooling and decay: all which errors proceed from want of Judgment in the Poet, and from being unskill'd in the Principles of Moral Philosophy. Nothing is more frequent in a Fanciful Writer, than to foil himself by not managing his strength: therefore as in a Wrestler, there is first requir'd some measure of force, a well-knit body, and active Limbs, without which all instruction would be vain; yet, those being granted, if he want the skill which is necessary to a Wrestler, he shall make but small advantage of his natural robustuousness. So in a Poet, his ardors, vehemence and force of spirit, will only run him out of breath the sooner, if it be not supported by the help of Art. The roar of passion indeed may please an Audience, three parts of which are ignorant enough to think all is moving which is noise, and it may stretch the lungs of an ambitious Actor, who will dye upon the spot for a thundring clap; but it will move no other passion than indignation and contempt from judicious men. Longinus, whom I have hitherto follow'd, continues thus: If the passions be Artfully employ'd, the discourse becomes vehement and lofty; if otherwise, there is nothing more ridiculous than a great passion out of season: And to this purpose he animadverts severely upon Æschylus, who writ nothing in cold blood, but was always in a rapture, and in fury with his Audience: the Inspiration was still upon him, he was ever roaring it upon the Tripos; or (to run off as madly as he does, from one similitude to another) he was always at high flood of Passion, even in the dead Ebb, and lowest Watermark of the Scene. He who would raise the passion of a judicious Audience, says a Learned Critic, must be sure to take his hearers along with him; if they be in a Calm, 'tis in vain for him to be in a huff: he must move them by degrees, and kindle with 'em; otherwise he will be in danger of setting his own heap of Stuble on a fire, and of burning out by himself without warming the company that stand about him. They who would justify the madness of Poetry from the Authority of Aristotle, have mistaken the text, and consequently the Interpretation: I imagine it to be false read, where he says of Poetry, that it is ἐυφυοῦς μανικῆ, that it had always somewhat in it either of a genius, or of a madman. 'Tis more probable that the Original ran thus, that Poetry was ἐυφυοῦς μανικῆ, That it belongs to a Witty man, but not to a madman. Thus then the Passions, as they are consider'd simply and in themselves, suffer violence when they are perpetually maintain'd at the same height; for what melody can be made on that Instrument, all whose strings are screw'd up at first to their utmost stretch, and to the same sound? But this is not the worst; for the Characters likewise bear a part in the general calamity, if you consider the Passions as embody'd in them; for it follows of necessity, that no man can be distinguish'd from another by his discourse, when every man is ranting, swaggering, and exclaiming with the same excess: as if it were the only business of all the Characters to contend with each other for the prize at Billingsgate; or that the Scene of the Tragedy lay in Bet'lem. Suppose the Poet should intend this man to be Cholerick, and that man to be patient; yet when they are confounded in the Writing, you cannot distinguish them from one another: for the man who was call'd patient and tame, is only so before he speaks, but let his clack be set a going, and he shall rattle it as impetuously,

impetuously, and as loudly as the erranteſt Hero in the Play. By this means, the characters are only diſtinct in name; but in reality, all the men and women in the Play are the ſame perſon. No man ſhould pretend to write, who cannot temper his fancy with his Judgment: nothing is more dangerous to a raw horſe-man, than a hot-mouth'd Jade without a curb.

'Tis neceſſary therefore for a Poet, who would concern an Audience by deſcribing of a Paſſion, firſt to prepare it, and not to ruſh upon it all at once. Ovid *has judiciouſly ſhown the difference of theſe two ways, in the ſpeeches of* Ajax *and* Ulyſſes: *Ajax from the very beginning breaks out into his exclamations, and is ſwearing by his Maker.*——Agimus proh Jupiter inquit. Ulyſſes *on the contrary, prepares his Audience with all the ſubmiſſiveneſs he can practice, and all the calmneſs of a reaſonable man; he found his Judges in a tranquillity of ſpirit, and therefore ſet out leaſurely and ſoftly with 'em, till he had warmed 'em by degrees; and then he began to mend his pace, and to draw them along with his own impetuouſneſs: yet ſo managing his breath, that it might not fail him at his need, and reſerving his utmoſt proofs of ability even to the laſt. The ſucceſs you ſee was anſwerable; for the croud only applauded the ſpeech of* Ajax; ——

Vulgique ſecutum ultima murmur erat: ——

But the Judges awarded the prize for which they contended to Ulyſſes.

Mota manus Procerum eſt, & quid facundia poſſit
Tum patuit, fortiſque viri arma Diſertus.

The next neceſſary rule is to put nothing into the diſcourſe which may hinder your moving of the paſſions. Too many accidents as I have ſaid, incumber the Poet, as much as the Arms of Saul *did* David; *for the variety of paſſions which they produce, are ever croſſing and juſtling each other out of the way. He who treats of joy and grief together, is in a fair way of cauſing neither of thoſe effects. There is yet another obſtacle to be remov'd, which is pointed Wit, and Sentences affected out of ſeaſon; theſe are nothing of kin to the violence of paſſion: no man is at leiſure to make ſentences and ſimiles, when his ſoul is in an Agony. I the rather name this fault, that it may ſerve to mind me of my former errors; neither will I ſpare my ſelf, but give an example of this kind from my Indian Emperor:* Montezuma, *purſu'd by his enemies, and ſeeking Sanctuary, ſtands parlying without the Fort, and deſcribing his danger to* Cydaria, *in a ſimile of ſix lines;*

As on the ſands the frighted Traveller
Sees the high Seas come rowling from afar, &c.

My Indian Potentate was well skill'd in the Sea for an Inland Prince, and well improv'd ſince the firſt Act, when he ſent his ſon to diſcover it. The Image had not been amiſs from another man, at another time: Sed nunc non erat hiſce locus: *he deſtroy'd the concernment which the Audience might otherwiſe have had for him; for they could not think the danger near, when he had the leiſure to invent a Simile.*

If Shakeſpear *be allow'd, as I think he muſt, to have made his Characters diſtinct, it will eaſily be infer'd that he underſtood the nature of the Paſſions: becauſe it has been prov'd already, that confus'd paſſions make undiſtinguiſhable*

ſhable Characters: yet I cannot deny that he has his failings: but they are not ſo much in the paſſions themſelves, as in his manner of expreſſion: he often obſcures his meaning by his words, and ſometimes makes it unintelligible. I will not ſay of ſo great a Poet, that he diſtinguiſh'd not the blown puffy ſtile, from true ſublimity; but I may venture to maintain that the fury of his fancy often tranſported him, beyond the bounds of Judgment, either in coyning of new words and phraſes, or racking words which were in uſe, into the violence of a Catachreſis: 'Tis not that I would explode the uſe of Metaphors from paſſions, for Longinus *thinks 'em neceſſary to raiſe it; but to uſe 'em at every word, to ſay nothing without a Metaphor, a Simile, an Image, or deſcription, is I doubt to ſmell a little too ſtrongly of the Buskin. I muſt be forc'd to give an example of expreſſing paſſion figuratively; but that I may do it with reſpect to* Shakeſpear, *it ſhall not be taken from any thing of his: 'tis an exclamation againſt Fortune, quoted in his* Hamlet, *but written by ſome other Poet.*

Out, out, thou ſtrumpet fortune; all you Gods.
In general Synod, take away her Power,
Break all the ſpokes and fallys from her Wheel,
And bowl the round Nave down the hill of Heav'n
As low as to the Fiends.

And immediately after, ſpeaking of Hecuba, *when* Priam *was kill'd before her eyes:*

The mobbled Queen ran up and down,
Threatning the flame with biſſon rheum: a clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem ſtood; and for a Robe
About her lank and all o're-teemed loyns,
A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up.
Who this had ſeen, with tongue in venom ſteep'd
'Gainſt Fortune's ſtate would Treaſon have pronounc'd;
But if the Gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her Husband's Limbs,
The inſtant burſt of clamor that ſhe made
(Unleſs things mortal meant them not at all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of Heav'n,
And paſſion in the Gods.

What a pudder is here kept in raiſing the expreſſion of trifling thoughts. Would not a man have thought that the Poet had been bound Prentice to a Wheel-right, for his firſt Rant? and had follow'd a Ragman, for the clout and blanket, in the ſecond? Fortune is painted on a wheel; and therefore the Writer in a rage, will have Poetical Juſtice done upon every member of

that

that Engin: after this execution, he bowls the Nave downhill, from Heaven, to the Fiends: (an unreasonable long mark a man would think;) 'tis well there are no solid Orbs to stop it in the way, or no Element of fire to consume it: but when it came to the earth, it must be monstrous heavy to break ground as low as to the Center. His making milch the burning eyes of Heaven, was a pretty tollerable flight too; and I think no man ever drew milk out of eyes before him: yet to make the wonder greater, these eyes were burning. Such a sight indeed were enough to have raised passion in the Gods, but to excuse the effects of it, he tells you perhaps they did not see it. Wise men would be glad to find a little fence couch'd under all those pompous words; for Bombast is commonly the delight of that Audience, which loves Poetry, but understands it not: and as commonly has been the practice of those Writers, who not being able to infuse a natural passion into the mind, have made it their business to ply the ears, and to stun their Judges by the noise. But Shakespear *does not often thus; for the passions in his Scene between* Brutus *and* Cassius *are extreamly natural, the thoughts are such as arise from the matter, and the expression of 'em not viciously figurative. I cannot leave this Subject before I do justice to that Divine Poet, by giving you one of his passionate descriptions: 'tis of* Richard *the Second when he was depos'd, and led in Triumph through the Streets of* London *by* Henry *of* Bullingbrook: *the painting of it is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read any thing comparable to it, in any other language. Suppose you have seen already the fortunate Usurper passing through the crowd, and follow'd by the shouts and acclamations of the people; and now behold King* Richard *entring upon the Scene: consider the wretchedness of his condition, and his carriage in it; and refrain from pity if you can.*

As in a Theatre, the eyes of men
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did scowl on *Richard:* no man cry'd God save him:
No joyful tongue gave him his welcom home,
But dust was thrown upon his Sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles
(The badges of his grief and patience)
That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And Barbarism it self have pitty'd him.

To speak justly of this whole matter; 'tis neither height of thought that is discommended, nor pathetic vehemence, nor any nobleness of expression in its proper place; but 'tis a false measure of all these, somthing which is like 'em, and is not them: 'tis the Bristol-stone, *which appears like a Diamond; tis an extravagant thought, instead of a sublime one; 'tis roaring madness in-*

stead

ſtead of vehemence; and a ſound of words, inſtead of ſenſe. If Shakeſpear *were ſtript of all the Bombaſt in his paſſions, and dreſs'd in the moſt vulgar words, we ſhould find the beauties of his thoughts remaining; if his embroideries were burnt down, there would ſtill be ſilver at the bottom of the melting-pot: but I fear (at leaſt, let me fear it for my ſelf) that we who Ape his ſounding words, have nothing of his thought, but are all out-ſide; there is not ſo much as a dwarf within our Giants cloaths. Therefore, let not* Shakeſpear *ſuffer for our ſakes; 'tis our fault, who ſucceed him in an Age which is more refin'd, if we imitate him ſo ill, that we coppy his failings only, and make a virtue of that in our Writings, which in his was an imperfection.*

For what remains, the excellency of that Poet was, as I have ſaid, in the more manly paſſions; Fletcher's *in the ſofter:* Shakeſpear *writ better betwixt man and man;* Fletcher, *betwixt man and woman: conſequently, the one deſcrib'd friendſhip better; the other love: yet* Shakeſpear *taught* Fletcher *to write love; and* Juliet, *and* Deſdemona, *are Originals. 'Tis true, the Scholar had the ſofter ſoul; but the Maſter had the kindar. Friendſhip is both a virtue, and a Paſſion eſſentially; love is a paſſion only in its nature, and is not a virtue but by Accident: good nature makes Friendſhip; but effeminacy Love.* Shakeſpear *had an Univerſal mind, which comprehended all Characters and Paſſions;* Fletcher *a more confin'd, and limited: for though he treated love in perfection, yet Honor, Ambition, Revenge, and generally all the ſtronger Paſſions, he either touch'd not, or not Maſterly. To conclude all; he was a Limb of* Shakeſpear.

I had intended to have proceeded to the laſt property of manners, which is, that they muſt be conſtant; and the characters maintain'd the ſame from the begining to the end; and from thence to have proceeded to the thoughts and expreſſions ſutable to a Tragedy: but I will firſt ſee how this will reliſh with the Age. 'Tis I confeſs but curſorily written; yet the Judgment which is given here, is generally founded upon Experience: But becauſe many men are ſhock'd at the name of Rules, as if they were a kind of Magiſterial preſcription upon Poets, I will conclude with the words of Rapin, in his reflections on Ariſtotles *work of Poetry: If the Rules be well conſider'd, we ſhall find them to be made only to reduce Nature into Method, to trace her ſtep by ſtep, and not to ſuffer the leaſt mark of her to eſcape us: 'tis only by theſe, that probability in Fiction is maintain'd, which is the Soul of Poetry: they are founded upon good Sence, and Sound Reaſon, rather than on Authority; for though* Ariſtotle *and* Horace *are produc'd, yet no man muſt argue, that what they writ is true, becauſe they writ it; but 'tis evident, by the ridiculous miſtakes and groſs abſurdities, which have been made by thoſe Poets who have taken their Fancy only for their guide, that if this Fancy be not regulated, 'tis a meer caprice, and utterly incapable to produce a reaſonable and judicious Poem.*

To

To Mr. *Dryden* on his Play, Called,

Truth Found too Late.

AND will our Maſter Poet then admit
A young beginner in the Trade of Wit,
To bring a plain and ruſtick Muſe to wait,
On His in all her glorious Pomp and ſtate?
Can an unknown unheard of private Name,
Add any Luſtre to ſo bright a Fame?
No! ſooner Planets to the Sun may give
That Light which they themſelves from him derive.
Nor could my ſickly fancy entertain,
A thought ſo fooliſh, or a pride ſo vain.
But as when Kings through Crowds in Triumph go,
The meaneſt Wretch that gazes at the ſhow,
Though to that Pomp his voice can add no more,
Than when we Drops into the Ocean pour,
Has leave his Tongue in praiſes to employ:
(Th' accepted Language of officious joy:)
So I, in loud applauſes may reveal
To you, great King of Verſe, my Loyal Zeal,
May tell with what Majeſtic grace and miene
Your *Muſe* diſplays her ſelf in every Scene;
In what rich robes ſhe has fair *Creſſid* dreſt,
And with what gentle fires inflam'd her breſt.
How when thoſe fading eyes her aid implor'd
She all their ſparkling Luſtre has reſtor'd,
Added more charms, freſh Beautys on 'em ſhed
And to new Youth recall'd the Lovely maid.
How nobly ſhe the Royal Brothers draws;
How great their quarrel and how great their cauſe:

How

How juſtly raiſed! and by what juſt degrees,
In a ſweet calm does the rough tempeſt ceaſe!
Envy not now *the God-like Romans rage*,
Hector and *Troilus* darlings of our Age
Shall hand in hand with *Brutus* tread the ſtage.

Shakeſpear 'tis true this tale of *Troy* firſt told,
But, as with *Ennius Virgil* did of old,
You found it Dirt but you have made it Gold.
A dark and undigeſted heap it lay,
Like *Chaos* ere the dawn of Infant day,
But you did firſt the cheerful Light diſplay.
Confus'd it was as *Epicurus* World
Of *Atoms* by blind chance together hurl'd,
But you have made ſuch Order through it ſhine
As loudly ſpeaks the Workmanſhip divine.

Boaſt then O *Troy!* and triumph in thy flames
That make thee ſung by three ſuch mighty names.
Had *Ilium* ſtood, *Homer* had ne'r been read,
Nor the ſweet *Mantuan* Swan his Wings diſplay'd,
Nor Thou the third, but equal in renown
Thy matchleſs skill in this great ſubject ſhown.
Not *Priams* ſelf, nor all the *Trojan* State
Was worth the ſaving at ſo dear a rate.
But they now flouriſh by you mighty three
In Verſe more laſting than their Walls could be.
Which never, never ſhall like them decay,
Being built by hands divine as well as they;
Never, till our great *Charles* being ſung by You,
Old *Troy* ſhall grow leſs famous than the new.

R. Duke

The Prologue ſpoken by Mr. *Betterton*, Repreſenting the Ghoſt of *Shakeſpear*.

SEE my lov'd Britons, ſee your Shakeſpeare riſe,
An awfull ghoſt confeſs'd to human eyes!
Unnam'd, methinks, diſtinguiſh'd I had been
From other ſhades, by this eternal green,
About whoſe wreaths the vulgar Poets ſtrive,
And with a touch, their wither'd Bays revive.
Untaught, unpractis'd in a barbarous Age,
I found not but created firſt the Stage.
And, if I drain'd no Greek or Latin ſtore,
'Twas, that my own abundance gave me more.
On foreign trade I needed not rely
Like fruitfull Britain, rich without ſupply.
In this my rough-drawn Play, you ſhall behold
Some Maſter-ſtrokes, ſo manly and ſo bold
That he, who meant to alter, found 'em ſuch
He ſhook; and thought it Sacrilege to touch.
Now where are the Succeſſors to my name?
What bring they to fill out a Poets fame?
Weak, ſhort-liv'd iſſues of a feeble Age;
Scarce living to be Chriſten'd on the Stage!
For Humor farce, for love they rhyme diſpence,
That tolls the knell for their departed ſence.
Dulneſs might thrive in any trade but this:
'T wou'd recommend to ſome fat Benefice.
Dulneſs, that in a Playhouſe meets diſgrace
Might meet with Reverence, in its proper place.
The fulſome clench that nauſeats the Town
Wou'd from a Judge or Alderman go down!
Such virtue is there in a Robe and gown!
And that inſipid ſtuff which here you hate
Might ſomewhere elſe be call'd a grave debate:
Dullneſs is decent in the Church and State.
But I forget that ſtill 'tis underſtood
Bad Plays are beſt decry'd by ſhowing good:
Sit ſilent then, that my pleas'd Soul may ſee
A Judging Audience once, and worthy me:
My faithfull Scene from true Records ſhall tell
How Trojan valour did the Greek excell;
Your great forefathers ſhall their fame regain,
And Homers angry Ghoſt repine in vain.

Persons Represented,

By

Hector.	Mr. *Smith.*
Troilus.	Mr. *Betterton.*
Priam.	Mr. *Percivall.*
Æneas.	Mr. *Joseph Williams.*
Pandarus.	Mr. *Leigh.*
Calchas.	Mr. *Percivall.*
Agamemnon.	Mr. *Gillo*
Ulysses.	Mr. *Harris.*
Achilles.	Mr. *David Williams.*
Ajax.	Mr. *Bright.*
Nestor.	Mr. *Norris.*
Diomedes.	Mr. *Crosby.*
Patroclus.	Mr. *Boman.*
Menelaus.	Mr. *Richards.*
Therſites.	Mr. *Underhill.*
Creſſida.	Mrs. *Mary Lee.*
Andromache.	Mrs. *Betterton.*

TRUTH found too late.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I. *A Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor.

Agam. PRinces, it seems not strange to us nor new,
That after Nine Years Siege *Troy* makes defence,
Since every Action of Recorded Fame
Has with long difficulties been involv'd,
Not Answering that Idea of the thought
Which gave it Birth, why then you Grecian Chiefs,
With sickly Eyes do you behold our labours,
And think 'em our dishonour, which indeed
Are the protractive Tryals of the Gods,
To prove heroic Constancy in Men?
Nestor. With due observance of thy Soveraign Seat
Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply,
Thy well-weigh'd words: In strugling with misfortunes,
Lyes the true proof of Virtue; on smooth Seas,
How many bawble Boats dare set their Sails,
And make an equal way with firmer Vessels!
But let the Tempest once inrage that Sea,
And then behold the strong rib'd *Argosie*,
Bounding between the Ocean and the Air
Like *Perseus* mounted on his *Pegasus*.
Then where are those weak Rivals of the Maine?

Or to avoid the Tempeſt fled to Port,
Or made a Prey to *Neptune*: even thus
Do empty ſhow, and true-priz'd worth divide
In ſtorms of Fortune.

Ulyſſes. Mighty *Agamemnon!*
Heart of our Body, Soul of our deſigns;
In whom the tempers, and the minds of all
Shou'd be inclos'd: hear what *Ulyſſes* ſpeaks.

Agam.—You have free leave.

Ulyſſes. Troy had been down ere this, and *Hectors* Sword
Wanted a Maſter but for our diſorders:
The obſervance due to rule has been neglected;
Obſerve how many *Grecians* Tents ſtand void
Upon this plain; ſo many hollow factions:
For when the General is not like the Hive
To whom the Foragers ſhould all repair,
What Hony can our empty Combs expect?
O when Supremacy of Kings is ſhaken,
What can ſucceed? How cou'd communities
Or peacefull traffick from divided ſhores,
Prerogative of Age, Crowns, Scepters, Lawrells,
But by degree ſtand on their ſolid baſe?
Then every thing reſolves to brutal force
And headlong force is led by hoodwink'd will,
For wild Ambition, like a ravenous Woolf,
Spurd on by will and ſeconded by power,
Muſt make an univerſal prey of all,
And laſt devour it ſelf.

Neſt. Moſt prudently *Ulyſſes* has diſcover'd
The malady whereof our ſtate is ſick.

Diom. 'Tis truth he ſpeaks, the General's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep beneath, he by the next;
That next by him below: So each degree
Spurns upward at Superiour eminence:
Thus our diſtempers are their ſole ſupport;
Troy in our weakneſs lives, not in her ſtrength.

Agam, The Nature of this ſickneſs found, inform us
From whence it draws its birth?

Ulyſſes. The great *Achilles* whom opinion crowns
The chief of all our Hoſt—
Having his ears buzz'd with his noiſy Fame,
Diſdains thy Sovereign charge, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our deſigns, with him *Patroclus*
Upon a lazy Bed, breeks ſcurril Jeſts
And with ridiculous and awkard action,

Which

Which, ſlanderer, he imitation calls
Mimicks the Grecian chiefs.
Agam. As how *Ulyſſes?*
Ulyſſes. Ev'n thee the King of men he do's not ſpare
(The monkey Author) but thy greatneſs Pageants
And makes of it Rehearſals: like a Player
Bellowing his Paſſion till he break the ſpring
And his rack'd Voice jar to his Audience;
So repreſents he Thee, though more unlike
Than *Vulcan* is to *Venus.*
And at this fulſom ſtuff, this wit of Apes,
The large *Achilles* on his preſt Bed lolling,
From his deep Cheſt roars out a loud Applauſe,
Tickling his ſpleen, and laughing till he wheeze.
Neſtor. Nor are you ſpar'd *Ulyſſes*, but as you ſpeak in Council
He hems ere he begins, then ſtrokes his Beard,
Caſts down his looks, and winks with half an Eye;
'Has every action, cadence, motion, tone,
All of you but the ſence.
Agam. Fortune was merry.
When he was born, and plaid a trick on Nature
To make a mimick Prince: he ne're acts ill
But when he would ſeem wiſe:
For all he ſays or do's from ſerious thought
Appears ſo wretched, that he mocks his title
And is his own Buffoon.
Ulyſſes. In imitation of this ſcurril fool
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd as broad *Achilles*,
He keeps a Table too, makes Factious Feaſts,
Rails on our State of War, and ſets *Therſites*
(A ſlanderous ſlave of an ore-flowing gall)
To level us with low Compariſons:
They tax our Policy with Cowardiſe,
Count Wiſdom of no moment in the War,
In brief, eſteem no Act, but that of hand;
The ſtill and thoughtful parts which move thoſe hands,
With them are but the tasks cut out by fear
To be perform'd by Valour.
Agam. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horſe
Is more of uſe than he: but you grave pair
Like time and wiſdom marching hand in hand,
Muſt Put a ſtop to theſe incroaching Ills:
To you we leave the care:
You who cou'd ſhow whence the diſtemper ſprings
Muſt vindicate the Dignity of Kings. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Troy.*

Enter Pandarus, *and* Troilus.

Troil. Why ſhould I fight without the Trojan Walls,
Who, without fighting, am ore'thrown within:
The Trojan who is Maſter of a Soul
Let him to battel, *Troilus* has none.

Pand. Will this never be at an end with you?

Troil. The Greeks are ſtrong, and skilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceneſs wary;
But I am weaker than a Womans tear,
Tamer than ſleep, fonder than Ignorance;
And Artleſs as unpractic'd infancy.

Pand. Well, I have told you enough of this; for my part I'll not meddle nor make any further in your Love: He that will eat of the Roaſtmeat, muſt ſtay for the kindling of the fire.

Troil. Have I not ſtay'd?

Pand. I, the kindling; but you muſt ſtay the ſpitting of the meat.

Troil. Have I not ſtay'd?

Pand. I, the ſpitting; but there's two words to a bargain, you muſt ſtay the roaſting too.

Troil. Still have I ſtay'd, and ſtill the farther off.

Pand. That's but the roaſting, but there's more in this word ſtay; there's the taking off the Spit, the making of the Sawce, the Diſhing, the ſetting on the Table, and the ſaying Grace; nay you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your chaps.

Troil. At *Priams* table penſive do I ſit,
And when fair *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts
(Can ſhe be ſaid to come, who ne'r was abſent?)

Pand. Well, ſhe's a moſt raviſhing creature; and ſhe look'd Yeſterday moſt killingly, ſhe had ſuch a ſtroke with her eyes, ſhe cut to the quick with every glance of 'em.

Troil. I was about to tell thee, when my heart
Was ready with a ſigh to cleave in two
Leſt *Hector*, or my Father ſhould perceive me,
I have with mighty anguiſh of my Soul
Juſt at the Birth ſtifled this ſtill-born-ſigh,
And forc'd my face into a painful ſmile.

Pand. I meaſur'd her with my girdle Yeſterday, ſhe's not half a yard about the waſte, but ſo taper a ſhape did I never ſee, but when I had her in my arms, Lord thought I, and by my troth I could not forbear ſighing, if Prince *Troilus* had her at this advantage, and I were holding

of

of the door —. And she were a thought taller, but as she is, she wants not an inch of *Hellen* neither; but there's no more comparison between the Women — there was wit, there was a sweet tongue: How her words melted in her mouth! *Mercury* wou'd have been glad to have had such a tongue in his mouth I warrant him.

I wou'd some body had heard her talk yesterday, as I did.

Troil. Oh *Pandarus*, when I tell thee I am mad
In *Cressid's* Love, thou answer'st she is fair;
Praisest her eyes, her stature and her wit;
But praising thus, instead of oyl and balm,
Thou lay'st in every wound her Love has giv'n me,
The Sword that made it.

Pand. I give her but her due.

Troil. Thou give'st her not so much.

Pand. Faith I'le speak no more of her, let her be as she is:
If she be a beauty 'tis the better for her, and she be not
She has the mends in her own hands for *Pandarus*.

Troil. In spight of me thou wilt mistake my meaning.

Pand. I have had but my labour for my pains,
Ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you:
Gone between and between, and am ground in the Millstones
For my Labour.

Troil. What art thou angry *Pandarus* with thy friend?

Pand. Because she's my Niece, therefore she's not so fair as *Hellen*; and she were not my Niece, shew me such another piece of Womans flesh; take her limb by limb, I say no more, but if *Paris* had seen her first, *Menelaus* had been no Cuckold: but what care I if she were a Black-moore, what am I the better for her face.

Troil. Said I she was not beautiful?

Pand. I care not if you did, she's a fool to stay behind her Father *Calchas*, let her go to the Greeks; and so I'le tell her: for my part I am resolute, I'le meddle no more in your affairs.

Troil. But hear me!

Pand. Not I.

Troil. Dear *Pandarus* ——

Pand. Pray speak no more on't, I'le not burn my fingers in another bodys business, I'l leave it as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit Pandarus.*

Troil. O Gods, how do you torture me?
I cannot come to *Cressid* but by him,
And he's as peevish to be woo'd to wooe,
As she is to be won.

Enter Æneas.

Æneas. How now, Prince *Troilus*, why not in the battel?

Troil. Because not there, this Womans answer suites me;

For

For Womanniſh it is to be from thence:
What news *Æneas* from the field to day?

Æn. Paris is hurt.

Troil By whom?

Æn. By *Menelaus.* Hark what good ſport *Alarum within.*
Is out of Town to day, when I hear ſuch Muſick
I cannot hold from dancing.

Troil. I'le make one,
And try to loſe an anxious thought or two
In heat of action.
[*Aſide*] Thus Coward-like from love to War I run,
Seek the leſs dangers, and the greater ſhun. [*Exit* Troil.

Enter Creſſida.

Creſſid. My Lord *Æneas*, who were thoſe went by? I mean the Ladys!

Æn. Queen *Hecuba*, and *Hellen.*

Creſſi. and whither go they?

Æn. Up the Weſtern Tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject, all the vale;
To ſee the battle, *Hector* whoſe patience
Is fix'd like that of Heaven, to day was mov'd:
He chid *Andromache*, and ſtroke his Armourer,
And as there were good Husbandry in War,
Before the Sun was up he went to field;
Your pardon Lady that's my buſineſs too. [*Exit* Æneas.

Creſſi. Hectors a gallant Wariour.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. What's that, what's that?

Creſſi. Good morrow Uncle *Pandarus.*

Pand. Good morrow Couſin *Creſſida:* when were you at Court?

Creſſi. This morning Uncle!

Pand. What were you a talking when I came? was *Hector* arm'd, and gone ere ye came? *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Creſſi. That I was talking of; and of his anger!

Pand. Was he angry ſay you? true, he was ſo, and I know the cauſe: He was ſtruck down yeſterday in the battel, but he'll lay about him; he'll cry quittance with 'em to day I'le anſwer for him: and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him; let 'em take heed of *Troilus*, I can tell 'em that too.

Creſſi. What was he ſtruck down too?

Pand. Who, *Troilus? Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Creſſi. Oh *Jupiter!* There's no compariſon, *Troilus* the better man!

Pand. What, no compariſon between *Hector* and *Troilus?* do you know a man if you ſee him?

Creſſi.

Cressi. No, for he may look like a man, and not be one.

Pand. Well, I say *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cressi. That's what I say, for I am sure he is not *Hector*.

Pand. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, make your best of that Neece!

Cressi. 'Tis true, for each of 'em is himself.

Pand. Himself! alas poor *Troilus*! I wou'd he were himself, well the Gods are all sufficient, and time must mend or end: I wou'd he were himself, and wou'd I were a Lady for his sake. I would not answer for my Maidenhead,——No, *Hector* is not a better man than *Troilus*.

Cressi. Excuse me.

Pand. Pardon me: *Troilus* is in the bud; 'tis early day with him, you shall tell me another tale when *Troilus* is come to bearing: and yet he'll not bear neither in some sence. No, *Hector* shall never have his virtues.

Cressi. No matter.

Pand. Nor his beauty, nor his fashion, nor his wit, he shall have nothing of him.

Cressi. They would not become him, his own are better.

Pand. How, his own better! you have no judgment Neece, *Helen* her self swore t'other day, that *Troilus* for a manly brown complexion; (for so it is, I must confess;) not brown neither.

Cressi. No, but very brown.

Pand. Faith to say truth, brown and not brown: come I swear to you, I think *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*. Nay I'm sure she does, she comes me to him t'other day, into the bow window, and you know *Troilus* has not above three or four hairs on his chin.

Cressi. That's but a bare commendation.

Pand. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, she comes, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin!

Cressi. Has he been fighting then? how came it cloven?

Pand. Why, you know it is dimpled. I cannot choose but laugh to think how she tickled his cloven chin: She has a marvellous white hand I must needs confess.
But let that pass, for I know who has a whiter:
Well Cousin I told you a thing yesterday, think on't, think on't.

Cressi. So I do Uncle.

Pand. I'le beswor'n 'tis true, he will weep ye, and 'twere a man born in *April*. [*A Retreat sounded.*
Hark, they are returning from the field; shall we stay and see 'em as they come by, sweet Neece do, sweet Neece *Cressida*.

Cressi. For once you shall command me.

Pand. Here, here, here's an excellent place; we may see 'em here most bravely, and I'le tell you all their names as they pass by: but mark *Troilus* above the rest, mark *Troilus*, he's worth your marking.

Æneas passes over the Stage.

Cressi. Speak not so loud then.

Pand. That's *Æneas*, Is't not a brave man that? he's a Swinger, many a *Grecian* he has laid with his face upward; but mark *Troilus*, you shall see anon.

Enter Anthenor, *passing.*

That's *Anthenor*, he has a notable head-peece I can tell you, and he's the ableſt man for judgment in all *Troy*, you may turn him to ſhe i'faith, and by my troth a proper perſon: When comes *Troilus* I'll ſhow you *Troilus* anon, if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

Hector *passes over.*

That's *Hector*, that, that, look you that, there's a fellow, go thy way *Hector*, there's a brave man Neece: O brave *Hector*, look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man Neece?

Cressi. I always told you ſo.

Pand. Is a not? it does a mans heart good to look on him, look you, look you there, what hacks are on his Helmet! this was no boys play i'faith, he laid it on with a vengence, take it off who's will as they ſay, there are hacks Neece!

Cressi. Where thoſe with Swords?

Pand. Swords, or Bucklers, Faulchions, Darts, and Lances! any thing he cares not! and the devil come 'tis all one to him, by *Jupiter* he looks ſo terribly that I am half afraid to praiſe him.

Enter Paris.

Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*, look ye yonder Neece; is't not a brave young Prince too? He draws the beſt bow in all *Troy*, he hits you to a ſpan twelve ſcore level; who ſaid he came home hurt to day? why this will do *Helens* heart good now! Ha! that I cou'd ſee *Troilus* now!

Enter Helenus.

Cressi. Who's that black man Uncle?

Pand. That's *Helenus*, I marvel where *Troilus* is all this while? that's *Helenus*, I think *Troilus* went not forth to day; that's *Helenus*.

Cressi. Can *Helenus* fight Uncle?

Pand. Helenus! No, yes, he'll fight indifferently well, I marvel in my heart what's become of *Troilus*? Hark! do you not hear the people cry *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a Prieſt and keeps a whore; he'll fight for's whore, or he's no true Prieſt I warrant him.

Enter Troilus *paſſing over.*

Cressi. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Pand.

Pand. Where, yonder! that's *Deiphobus*: No I lye, I lye, that's *Troilus*, there's a man Neece! hem! O brave *Troilus*! the Prince of chivalry, and flower of fidelity!

Creſſi. Peace, for ſhame peace.

Pand. Nay but mark him then! O brave *Troilus*! there's a man of men Neece! look you how his Sword is bloody, and his Helmet more hack'd then *Hector's*, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he nere ſaw two and twenty. Go thy way *Troilus*, go thy way! had I a ſiſter were a Grace, and a daughter a Goddeſs, he ſhou'd take his choice of 'em, O admirable man! *Paris*! *Paris* is dirt to him, and I warrant *Helen* to change, wou'd give all the Noddes in her ſhop to boot.

Enter Common Soldiers paſſing over.

Creſſi. Here come more.

Pand. Aſſes, fools, dolts, dirt and dung, ſtuff and lumber! porredg after meat? but I cou'd live and dye with *Troilus*. Nere look Neece, nere look, the Lyons are gone, Apes and Monkeys, the tag end of the creation. I had rather be ſuch a man as *Troilus*, then *Agamemnon* and all *Greece*.

Creſſi. There's *Achilles* among the Greeks, he's a brave man!

Pand. Achilles! a Camman, a beaſt of burthen, a very Camel. Have you any eyes Neece, do you know a man? Is he to be compar'd with *Troilus*?

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, my Lord *Troilus* wou'd inſtantly ſpeak with you.

Pand. Where boy, where?

Page. At his own houſe, if you think convenient.

Pand. Good boy tell him I come inſtantly, I doubt he's wounded, farewell good Neece: But I'le be with you by and by.

Creſſi. To bring me Uncle!

Pand. I, a token from Prince *Troilus*.

Creſſi. By the ſame token you are a procurer Uncle. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Creſſida *alone*,

A ſtrange diſſembling ſex we Women are,
Well may we Men, when we our ſelves deceive.
Long has my ſecret Soul lov'd *Troilus*.
I drunk his praiſes from my Uncles mouth,
As if my ears cou'd nere be ſatisfi'd,
Why then, why ſaid I not, I love this Prince?
How cou'd my tongue conſpire againſt my heart,
To ſay I lov'd him not, O childiſh love!
'Tis like an Infant froward in his play,
And what he moſt deſires, he throws away. [*Exit* Creſſida.

ACT II. SCENE I. *Troy.*

Priam, Hector, Troilus, Æneas,

Priam. After th' expence of so much time and blood,
Thus once again the *Grecians* send to *Troy*,
Deliver *Helen*, and all other loss
Shall be forgotten *Hector*, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man less can fear the Greeks than I,
Yet there's no Virgin of more tender heart
More ready to cry out, who knows the consequence,
Than *Hector* is; for modest doubt is mix'd
With manly courage best, let *Helen* go,
If we have lost so many lives of ours,
To keep a thing not ours; not worth to us
The value of man, what reason is there
Still to retain the cause of so much ill?

Troil. Fy, fy, my noble Brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King,
So great as *Asia's* Monarch, in a scale
Of common ounces thus?
Are fears and reasons fit to be consider'd,
When a Kings fame is question'd?

Hect. Brother, she's not worth
What her defence has cost us,

Troil. What's ought, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in opinion only;
It holds the dignity and estimation,
As well, wherein 'tis precious of it self.
As in the prizer, 'tis Idolatry
To make the Service greater than the God.

Troil. We turn not back the Silks upon the Merchant
When we have worn 'em; the remaining food
Throw not away because we now are full,
If you confess 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,
As you must needs; for you all cry'd go, go,
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize
As you must needs, for you all clapt your hands,
And cry'd inestimable: why do you now
So under-rate the value of your purchase?
For let me tell you, 'tis unmanly theft
When we have taken what we fear to keep!

Æne. There's not the meanest Spirit in our party

Without

Without a heart to dare, or Sword to draw,
When *Hellen* is defended: none so noble
Whose life were ill bestowed, or death unfam'd,
When *Hellen* is the Subject.

Priam. So saye *Paris*,
Like one besotted on effeminate joys,
He has the honey still, but these the gall.

Æneas. He not proposes meerly to himself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But he would have the stain of *Hellen's* rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.

Hect. Troilus and *Æneas* you have said:
If saying superficial things be reason,
But if this *Hellen* be anothers wife,
The Moral laws of Nature and of Nations
Speak loud she be restor'd: thus to Persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more so: *Hectors* opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet ne'rtheless
My sprightly Brother I encline to you
In resolution to defend her still:
For 'tis a cause on which our *Trojan* honour
And common reputation will depend.

Troil. Why there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we covet more
Than war and vengeance (beasts and womens pleasure)
I wou'd not wish a drop of *Trojan* blood
Spent more in her defence: But oh my Brother,
She is a subject of renown and honour,
And I presume brave *Hector* wou'd not lose
The rich advantage of his future fame
For the wide worlds revenue: —— I have business;
But glad I am to leave you thus resolv'd:
When such arms strike, near doubt of the success.

Æneas. May we not guess?

Troil. You may, and be deceiv'd. [*Exit* Troil.

Hect. A woman on my life: ev'n so it happens,
Religion, state affairs, whate'rs the theme
It ends in women still.

Enter Andromache.

Priam. See here's your wife
To make that maxim good.

Hect. Welcome *Andromache:* your looks are cheerfull,
You bring some pleasing news.

Andro.

Andro. Nothing that's serious.
Your little Son *Astyanax* has employ'd me
As his Ambassadress.

Hect. Upon what Errand?

Andro. No less than that his Grandfather this day
Would make him Knight: he longs to kill a *Grecian*:
For shou'd he stay to be a Man, he thinks
You'll kill 'em all; and leave no work for him.

Priam. Your own blood, *Hector*.

Andro. And therefore he designs to send a challenge
To *Agamemnon*, *Ajax*, or *Achilles*,
To prove they do not well to burn our fields;
And keep us coop'd like prisners in a Town:
To lead this lazy life.

Hect. What sparks of honour
Fly from this child! the God's speak in him sure:
——It shall be so——I'le do't:

Priam. What means my Son?

Hect. To send a challenge to the boldest *Greek*;
Is not that Countrey ours? those fruitful Fields
Wash'd by yon Silver Flood, are they not ours?
Those teeming Vines that tempt our longing eyes,
Shall we behold e'm? shall we call e'm ours
And dare not make e'm so? by Heavens I'le know
Which of these haughty *Grecians*, dares to think
He can keep *Hector* prisner here in *Troy*.

Priam. If *Hector* only were a private Man,
This wou'd be courage, but in him 'tis madness.
The general safety on your life depends;
And shou'd you perish in this rash attempt,
Troy with a groan, would feel her Soul go out:
And breath her last in you.

Æneas. The task you undertake is hazardous:
Suppose you win, what wou'd the profit be?
If *Ajax* or *Achilles* fell beneath
Your thundring Arm, wou'd all the rest depart?
Wou'd *Agamemnon*, or his injur'd Brother
Set sail for this? then it were worth your danger:
But, as it is, we throw our utmost stake
Against whole heaps of theirs.

Priam. He tells you true.

Æneas. Suppose one, *Ajax*, or *Achilles* lost.
They can repair with more that single loss:
Troy has but one, one *Hector*.

Hect. No, *Æneas*.

What

What then art thou; and what is *Troilus*?
What will *Aſtyanax* be?

Priam. An *Hector* one day.

But you muſt let him live to be a *Hector*,
And who ſhall make him ſuch when you are gone?
Who ſhall inſtruct his tenderneſs in arms,
Or give his childhood leſſons of the war?
Who ſhall defend the promiſe of his youth
And make it bear in Manhood? the young Sapling
Is ſhrowded long beneath the Mother tree
Before it be tranſplanted from its Earth,
And truſt it ſelf for growth.

Hect. Alas, my Father!
You have not drawn one reaſon from your ſelf,
But publick ſafety, and my Sons green years:
In this neglecting that main argument,
Truſt me, you chide my filial piety:
As if I cou'd be won from my reſolves
By *Troy*, or by my Son, or any name
More dear to me than yours.

Priam. I did not name my ſelf, becauſe I know
When thou art gone, I need no *Grecian* Sword,
To help me die, but only *Hectors* loſs.
Daughter, why ſpeak not you? why ſtand you ſilent?
Have you no right in *Hector*, as a wife?

Andro. I would be worthy to be *Hectors* wife:
And had I been a Man, as my Soul's one,
I had aſpir'd a nobler name, his friend.
How I love *Hector*, (need I ſay I love him?)
I am not but in him:
But when I ſee him arming for his Honour,
His Country and his Gods, that martial fire
That mounts his courage, kindles ev'n to me:
And when the Trojan Matrons wait him out
With pray'rs, and meet with bleſſings his return;
The pride of Virtue, beats within my breaſt,
To wipe away the ſweat and duſt of War:
And dreſs my Heroe, glorious in his wounds.

Hect. Come to my Arms, thou manlier Virtue come;
Thou better Name than Wife! wou'dſt thou not bluſh, [*Embrace.*
To hug a coward thus?

Priam. Yet ſtill I fear!

Andro. There ſpoke a woman, pardon Royal Sir;
Has he not met a thouſand lifted Swords,
Of thick rank'd *Grecians*, and ſhall one affright him?

There's

There's not a day but he encounters Armies;
And yet as safe, as if the broad brim'd Shield
That *Pallas* wears, were held 'twixt him and death.

Hect. Thou know'ſt me well; and thou ſhalt praiſe me more,
Gods make me worthy of thee!

Andro. You ſhall be
My Knight this day, you ſhall not wear a cauſe
So black as *Hellens* rape upon your breaſt,
Let *Paris* fight for *Hellen*, guilt for guilt;
But when you fight for Honor and for me,
Then let our equal Gods behold an Act,
They may not bluſh to Crown.

Hect. *Æneas* go,
And bear my Challenge to the Grecian Camp,
If there be one amongſt the beſt of *Greece*,
Who holds his honour higher than his eaſe,
Who knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
Who loves his Miſtreſs more than in confeſſion:
And dares avow her beauty and her worth,
In other Arms than hers; to him this Challenge.
I have a Lady of more truth and beauty,
Than ever *Greek* did compaſs in his arms:
And will to morrow, with the Trumpets call,
Mid-way, between their Tents and theſe our Walls,
Maintain what I have ſaid, if any come
My Sword ſhall honor him, if none ſhall dare,
Then ſhall I ſay at my return to *Troy*,
The Grecian dames, are Sun-burnt, and not worth
The ſplinter of a Lance.

Æneas. It ſhall be told 'em,
As boldly as you gave it.

Priam. Heav'n protect thee. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE II.

Pandarus, Creſſida.

Pand. YOnder he ſtands poor wretch! there ſtands he, with ſuch a look, and ſuch a face, and ſuch begging eyes; there he ſtands poor priſoner.

Creſſi. What a deluge of words do you pour out Uncle, to ſay juſt nothing?

Pand.

Pand. Nothing do you call it, is that nothing, do you call it nothing? why he looks for all the World, like one of your rascally Malefactors, just thrown off the Gibbet, with his cap down, his arms ty'd down, his feet fprunting, his body swinging, nothing do you call it? this is nothing with a vengeance.

Cress. Or, what think you of a hurt bird, that flutters about with a broken wing?

Pand. Why go to then, he cannot fly away then, then, that's certain, that's undoubted: there he lies to be taken up: but if you had seen him, when I said to him, take a good heart man, and follow me: and fear no colours, and speak your mind man: she can never stand you: she will fall, and 'twere a leaf in Autumn.

Cress. Did you tell him all this without my consent?

Pand. Why you did consent, your eyes consented; they blabb'd, they lee'd, their very corners blabb'd. But you'll say your tongue said nothing. No I warrant it: your tongue was wiser; your tongue was better bred: your tongue kept its own counsell: Nay I'le say that for you, your tongue said nothing. Well such a shamefac'd couple did I never see days o' my life: so fraid of one another; such ado to bring you to the business: well if this job were well over, if ever I lose my pains again with an awkard couple, let me be painted in the sign-post for the *Labour in vain:* fye upon't fye upon't; there's no conscience in't: all honest people will cry shame on't.

Cress. Where is this Monster to be shown? what's to be given for a sight of him?

Pand. Why ready money, ready money; you carry it about you: give and take is sqare-dealing; for in my conscience he's as errant a maid as you are: I was fain to use violence to him, to pull him hither: and he pull'd: and I pull'd: for you must know he's absolutely the strongest youth in *Troy*: t'other day he took *Hellen* in one hand, and *Paris* in t'other, and danc'd 'em at one another at arms-end, and 'twere two Moppets: there was a back, there were bone and Sinews: there was a back for you.

Cress. For these good procuring Offices you'l be damn'd one day Uncle.

Pand. Who I damn'd? faith I doubt I shall: by my troth I think I shall, nay if a man be damn'd for doing good as thou sai'st, it may go hard with me.

Cress. Then I'le not see Prince *Troilus*, I'le not be accessary to your damnation.

Pand. How, not see Prince *Troilus*? why I have engag'd, I have promis'd, I have past my word, I care not for damning, let me alone for damning, I value not damning in comparison with my word. If I am damn'd it shall be a good damning to thee girl, thou shalt be my

heir, come 'tis a virtuous girl, thou shalt help me to keep my word, thou shalt see Prince *Troilus*.

Cressi. The venture's great.

Pand. No venture in the World, thy Mother ventur'd it for thee, and thou shalt venture it for my little Cousin that must be.

Cressi. Weigh but my fears, Prince *Troilus* is young.——

Pand. Marry is he, there's no fear in that I hope, the fear were, if he were old and feeble.

Cressi. And I a woman.

Pand. No fear yet, thou art a Woman, and he's a Man, put them two together, put 'em together.

Cressi. And if I shou'd be frail.——

Pand. There's all my fear that thou art not frail: thou shou'dst be frail, all flesh is frail.

Cressi. Are you my Uncle, and can give this counsel to your own Brothers daughter.

Pand. If thou wert my own daughter a thousand times over, I con'd do no better for thee, what wou'dst thou have girl, he's a Prince, and a young Prince, and a loving young Prince! an Uncle dost thou call me, by *Cupid* I am a father to thee; get thee in, get thee in girl, I hear him coming, And do you hear Niece! I give you leave

[*Exit Cressida.*

to deny a little, 'twill be decent: but take heed of obstinacy, that's a vice; no obstinacy my dear Niece.

Enter Troilus.

Troil. Now *Pandarus*.

Pand. Now, my sweet Prince! have you seen my Niece? no I know you have not.

Troilus. No *Pandarus*, I stalk about your doors.
Like a strange Soul upon the stygian banks
Staying for waftage: O be thou my *Charon*,
And give me a swift transportance to *Elysium*,
And fly with me to *Cressida*.

Pand. Walk here a moment more: I'le bring her straight.

Troil. I fear she will not come: most sure she will not.

Pand. How, not come, and I her Uncle! why I tell you Prince, she twitters at you. Ah poor sweet Rogue, ah little Rogue, now does she think, and think, and think again of what must be betwixt you two. Oh sweet,—oh sweet—O——what not come, and I her Uncle?

Troil. Still thou flatter'st me; but prithee flatter still; for I wou'd hope; I wou'd not wake out of my pleasing dream: oh hope how sweet thou art! but to hope always, and have no effect of what we hope!

Pand. Oh faint heart, faint heart! well there's much good matter in these old proverbs! No, she'll not come I warrant her; she has no

blood

blood of mine in her, not ſo much as will fill a flea: but if ſhe does not come, and come, and come with a ſwing into your arms, I ſay no more, but ſhe has renounc'd all grace, and there's an end.

Troil. I will believe thee: go then, but be ſure:

Pand. No, you wou'd not have me go; you are indifferent: ſhall I go ſay you: ſpeak the word then:—yet I care not: you may ſtand in your own light, and loſe a ſweet young Ladies heart: well, I ſhall not go then!

Troil. Fly, fly, thou tortur'ſt me.

Pand. Do I ſo, do I ſo! do I torture you indeed! well, I will go.

Troil. But yet thou doſt not go.

Pand. I go immediately, directly, in a twinkling, with a thought; yet you think a man never does enough for you: I have been labouring in your buſineſs like any Moyle. I was with Prince *Paris* this morning, to make your excuſe at night for not ſupping at Court: and I found him, faith how do you think I found him; it does my heart good to think how I found him: yet you think a man never does enough for you.

Troil. Will you go then, what's this to *Creſſida*?

Pand. Why, you will not hear a Man; what's this to *Creſſida*? why I found him abed, abed with *Hellena* by my troth: 'tis a ſweet Queen, a ſweet Queen, a very ſweet Queen;—but ſhe's nothing to my Couſin *Creſſida*; ſhe's a blowſe, a gipſie, a Tawney-moor to my Couſin *Creſſida*: And ſhe lay with one white arm underneath the whoreſons neck: oh ſuch a white, lilly white, round plump arm it was—and you muſt know it was ſtript up to th'elbows: and ſhe did ſo kiſs him, and ſo huggle him:——as who ſhou'd ſay——

Troil. But ſtill thou ſtay'ſt: what's this to *Creſſida*?

Pand. Why I made your excuſe to your Brother *Paris*; that I think's to *Creſſida*; but ſuch an arm, ſuch a hand, ſuch taper fingers, t'other hand was under the bedcloaths, that I ſaw not, I confeſs, that hand I ſaw not.

Troil. Agaid thou tortureſh me.

Pand Nay I was tortur'd too; old as I am, I was tortur'd too: but for all that, I cou'd make a ſhift, to make him, to make your excuſe, to make your father;——by *Jove* when I think of that hand, I am ſo raviſh'd, that I know not what I ſay: I was tortur'd too.

[Troilus *turns away diſcontented.*

Well, I go, I go; I fetch her, I bring her, I conduct her: not come quoth a, and I her Uncle! *Exit Pandarus.*

Troilus. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round:
The imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it enchants my ſenſe: what will it be
When I ſhall taſte that Nectar?
It muſt be either death, or joy too fine

For the capacity of humane powers.
I fear it much: and I do fear beside,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys:
As does a battel, when they charge on heaps
A flying Enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pand. She's making her ready: she'l come streight, you must be witty now; she does so blush, and fetches her breath so short, as if she were frighted with a spright: 'tis the prettiest villain, she fetches her breath so short, as 'twere a new ta'ne Sparrow.

Troil. Just such a passion, does heave up my breast!
My heart beats thicker, than a feaverish pulse:
I know not where I am, nor what I do:
Just like a slave, at unawares encountring
The eye of Majesty: ——— Lead on, I'l follow.

Exeunt together.

SCENE III. *The Camp.*

Nestor, Ulysses.

Ulyss. I have conceiv'd an embryo in my brain:
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is't, *Ulysses?*
Ulyss. The seeded pride,
That has to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or shedding, breed a nursery of like ill,
To overtop us all.
Nest. That's my opinion.
Ulyss. This challenge which *Æneas* brings from *Hector*,
However it be spred in general terms,
Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.
And will it wake him to the answer think you?
Nest. It ought to do: whom can we'lse oppose?
Who con'd from *Hector* bring his honour off,
If not *Achilles?* the Success of this
Although particular, will give an Omen
Of good or bad, ev'n to the general cause.
Ulyss. Pardon me *Nestor*, if I contradict you,
Therefore 'tis fit *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
Let us like Merchants show our course'st wares,
And think perchance they'll sell: but if they do not,
The lustre of our better, yet unshown
Will show the better; let us not consent

Our

Our greateſt warriour ſhou'd be match'd with *Hector*.
For both our honour and our ſhame in this,
Shall be attended with ſtrange followers.

Neſt. I ſee 'em not with my old eyes; what are they?

Ulyſſ. What glory our *Achilles* gains from *Hector*,
Were he not proud we all ſhould ſhare with him:
But he already is too inſolent:
And we had better parch in *Affrick* Sun
Than in his pride, ſhou'd he eſcape *Hector* fair.
But grant he ſhou'd be foil'd;
Why then our common reputation ſuffers,
In that of our beſt Man: No, make a Lottery;
And by device let blockiſh *Ajax* draw
The chance to fight with *Hector*: among our ſelves
Give him allowance as the braver Man;
For that will Phyſick the great Myrmidon,
Who ſwells with loud applauſe; and make him fall
His Creſt, if brainleſs *Ajax* come ſafe off.
If not, we yet preſerve a fair opinion,
That we have better men.

Neſt. Now I begin to reliſh thy advice:
Come, let us go to *Agamemnon* ſtraight,
T'inform him of our project.

Ulyſſ. 'Tis not ripe.
The skilful Surgeon will not lance a ſore
Till Nature has digeſted and prepar'd
The growing humours to her healing purpoſe:
Elſe muſt he often grieve the Patient's ſenſe,
When one inciſion once well-tim'd wou'd ſerve:
Are not *Achilles* and dull *Ajax* friends?

Neſt. As much as fools can be.

Ulyſſ. That knot of friendſhip firſt muſt be unty'd
'Ere we can reach our ends; for while they love each other,
Both hating us, will draw too ſtrong a Byaſs,
And all the Camp will lean that way they draw:
For brutal courage is the Soldiers Idol:
So, if one prove contemptuous, back'd by t'other,
'Twill give the law to cool and ſober ſence,
And place the power of War in Mad-mens hands.

Neſt. Now I conceive you; were they once divided,
And one of them made ours, that one would check
The others towring growth: and keep both low,
As Inſtruments, and not as Lords of War:
And this muſt be by ſecret coals of envy,
Blown in their Breſt: compariſons of worth;

Great

Great actions weigh'd of each: and each the best,
As we shall give him voice.
Ulyss. Here comes *Thersites*

Enter Thersites.

Who feeds on *Ajax*, yet loves him not, because he cannot love.
But as a *Species*, differing from mankind,
Hates all he sees, and rails at all he knows;
But hates them most, from whom he most receives,
Disdaining that his lot shou'd be so low,
That he shou'd want the kindness which he takes.
Nest. There's none so fit an Engine: Save ye *Thersites*.
Ulyss. Hail noble *Grecian*, thou relief of toils,
Soul of our mirth, and joy of sullen war;
In whose converse our winter-nights are short,
And summer-days not tedious.
Thers. Hang you both.
Nest. How! hang us both!
Thers. But hang thee first, thou very reverend fool!
Thou sapless Oak, that liv'st by wanting thought,
And now in thy three hundreth year repin'st
Thou should'st be fell'd: hanging's a civil death,
The death of men: thou canst not hang; thy trunk
Is only fit for gallows to hang others.
Nest. A fine greeting.
Thers. A fine old Dotard, to repine at hanging
At such an Age! what saw the Gods in thee
That a Cock-Sparrow shou'd but live three years,
And thou shou'dst last three Ages? he's thy better;
He uses life; he treads himself to death.
Thou hast forgot thy use some hundred years,
Thou stump of Man, thou worn-out broom, thou lumber.
Nest. I'l hear no more of him, his Poyson works;
What, curse me for my age!
Ulyss. Hold, you mistake him *Nestor*, 'tis his custom;
What malice is there in a mirthful Scene?
'Tis but a keen-edg'd Sword, spread o'r with balm,
To heal the wound it makes.
Thers. Thou beg'st a curse!
May'st thou quit scores then, and be hang'd on *Nestor*,
Who hangs on thee; thou lead'st him by the nose,
Thou play'st him like a puppet, speak'st within him,
And when thou hast contriv'd some dark design
To loose a thousand *Greeks*, make dogs meat of us,
Thou lay'st thy Cuckows egg within his nest,

And mak'ſt him hatch it; teacheſt his remembrance
To lye; and ſay, the like of it was practis'd
Two hundred years ago; thou bring'ſt the brain,
And he brings only beard to vouch thy plots.

Neſt. I'm no mans fool.

Therſ. Then be thy own, that's worſe!

Neſt. He'll rail all day.

Ulyſſ. Then we ſhall learn all day:
Who forms the body to a graceful carriage
Muſt imitate our awkard motions firſt;
The ſame preſcription does the wiſe *Therſites*
Apply to mend our minds. The ſame he uſes
To *Ajax*, to *Achilles*, to the reſt;
His Satyrs are the phyſick of the Camp.

Therſ. Wou'd they were poyſon to't, Rats-bane and Hem'ock,
Nothing elſe can mend you; and thoſe two brawny fools.

Ulyſſ. He hits 'em right:
Are they not ſuch my *Neſtor*?

Therſ. Dolt-heads, Aſſes,
And beaſts of burthen; *Ajax* and *Achilles*
The pillars! no, the porters of the war.
Hard-headed Rogues! Engines, meer wooden Engines,
Puſh'd on to do your work.

Neſt. They are indeed.

Therſ. But what a Rogue art thou
To ſay they are indeed? Heaven made 'em horſes,
And thou put'ſt on their harneſs, rid'ſt and ſpur'ſt 'em;
Uſurp'ſt upon heav'ns fools, and mak'ſt 'em thine.

Neſt. No: they are headſtrong fools, to be corrected
By none but by *Therſites*: thou alone
Canſt tame, and train 'em to their proper uſe;
And doing this may'ſt claim a juſt reward
From *Greece*, and Royal *Agamemnons* hands.

Therſ. Ay, when you need a man, you talk of giving;
For wit's a dear commodity among you;
But when you do not want him, then ſtale porridge,
A ſtarv'd dog wou'd not lap; and ſurrow water
Is all the wine we taſte, give drabs and pimps:
I'l have no gifts with hooks at end of 'em.

Ulyſſ. Is this a Man, O *Neſtor* to be bought?
Aſia's not price enough! bid the World for him.
And ſhall this man, this *Hermes*, this *Apollo*,
Sit lagg of *Ajax* table? almoſt minſtrell,
And with his preſence grace a brainleſs feaſt?
Why they con ſence from him, grow wits by rote,

And

And yet, by ill repeating, libell him;
Making his wit their nonſenſe: nay they ſcorn him;
Call him bought rayler, mercenary tongue!
Play him for ſport at meals, and kick him off.

Thers. Yes they can kick; my buttocks feel they can:
They have their Aſſes tricks: but I'le eat pebbles,
Ile ſtarve; 'tis brave to ſtarve, 'tis like a Soldier;
Before I'le feed thoſe wit-ſtarv'd rogues with ſence.
They ſhall eat dry, and choak for want of wit,
Ere they be moiſten'd with one drop of mine.
Ajax, and *Achilles*, two mudd-walls of fool,
That only differ in degrees of thickneſſe.

Ulyſſ. I'de be reveng'd of both, when wine fumes high,
Set e'm to prate, to boaſt their brutall ſtrength,
To vye their ſtupid courage, till they quarrell
And play at hard-head with their empty Skulls.

Thers. Yes; they ſhall butt and kick; and all the while
I'le think they kick for me: they ſhall fell timber
On both ſides; and then log-wood will be cheap.

Neſt. And *Agamemnon*——

Thers. Pox of *Agamemnon*;
Cannot I do a miſchief for my ſelf
But he muſt thank me for't?

Ulyſſ. to *Neſtor.*

Away; our work is done, *Exeunt Ulyſſes, Neſtor.*

Thers. This *Agamemnon* is a King of Clouts:
A chip in porredge.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Therſites!

Thers. Set up to frighen Daws from Cherry trees.

Ajax. Dogg!

Thers. A ſtandard to march under!

Ajax. Thou bitch-woolf! canſt thou not hear? feel then. *Strikes him.*

Thers. The plague of *Greece*, and *Hellens* Pox light on thee,
Thou mungrill maſtiffe; thou beef-witted Lord.

Ajax. Speak then, thou mouldy leaven of the Camp.
Speak or Ile beat the into handſomneſs.

Thers. I ſhall ſooner rail thee into wit: thou canſt kick, canſt thou?
A red murrayn on thy Jades tricks!

Ajax. Tell me the Proclamation:

Thers. Thou art proclaim'd a fool I think.

Ajax. You whorſon Curr take that. [*Strikes him.*

Thers. Thou Scurvy valiant Aſs.

Ajax. Thou ſlave.

Therſ.

Thers. Thou Lord! ——I, do, do,——wou'd my buttocks were Iron for thy ſake.

Enter Achilles. Patroclus.

Achill. Why how now *Ajax*! wherefore do you this? How now *Therſites*, what's the matter man!

Thers. I ſay this *Ajax* wears his wit in's belly, and his guts in's brains.

Achill. Peace fool.

Thers. I would have peace; but the fool will not.

Prtrocl. But what's the quarrell?

Ajax. I bad him tell me the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Thers. I ſerve thee not:

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your tongue!

Thers. 'Tis no matter; I ſhall ſpeak as much ſence as thou afterwards: I'll ſee you hang'd ere I come any more to your Tent: I'll keep where there's wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fools.—— [*going.*

Achill. Nay, thou ſhalt not go *Therſites*, till we have ſquees'd the venom out of thee: prithee inform us of this Proclamation.

Thers. Why you empty fuz-balls, your heads are full of nothing elſe but Proclamations

Ajax. Tell us the news I ſay.

Thers. You ſay! why you never ſaid any thing in all your life! But ſince you will know, 'tis proclaim'd through the Army, that *Hector* is to cudgell you to morrow.

Achilles. How cudgell him, *Therſites*!

Therſ. Nay you may take a childs part on't if you have ſo much courage, for *Hector* has challeng'd the tougheſt of the *Greeks*: and 'tis in diſpute which of your two heads is the ſoundeſt timber. A knotty piece of work he'll have betwixt your noddles.

Achil. If *Hector* be to fight with any *Greek*, He knows his Man.

Ajax. Yes; he may know his man, without Art *Magick*.

Therſ. So he had need: for to my certain knowledge neither of you two are conjurers to inform him.

Achill. to *Ajax*. You do not mean your ſelf, ſure.

Ajax. I mean nothing

Thers. Thou mean'ſt ſo always.

Achill. Umh! mean nothing!

Thers, aſide. Jove if it be thy will, let theſe tho fools quarrell about nothing: 'tis a cauſe that's worthy of 'em.

Ajax. You ſaid he knew his Man: is there but one? One Man amongſt the *Greeks*!

Achill. Since you will have it, but one to fight with *Hector*.

Ajax. Then I am he;

Achill. Weak *Ajax.*

Ajax. Weak *Achilles.*

Thers. Weak indeed: God help you both!

Patroc. Come, this must be no quarrell.

Thers. There's no cause for't.

Patroc. He tells you true; you are both equall

Thers. Fools.

Achill. I can brook no comparisons.

Ajax. Nor I.

Achill. Well *Ajax.*

Ajax. Well *Achilles.*

Thers. So now they quarrell in *Monosyllabls*: A word and a blow, and 't be thy will.

Achill. You may hear more.

Ajax. I wou'd.

Achill. Expect,

Ajax. Farewell. *Exeunt severally.*

Therſ. Curse on them, they want wine: your true fool will never fight without it. Or a drab, a drab: Oh for a commodious Drabb betwixt 'em! wou'd *Hellen* had been here! then it had come to something.

Dogs, Lions, Bulls, for Females tear and gore:
And the Best Man, is valiant for his whore. *Exit Therſites.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Therſites:

Therſ. SHall the Idiot *Ajax* use me thus! he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! wou'd I cou'd beat him and he rail'd at me! Then there's *Achilles*, a rare Engineer: if *Troy* be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves: Now the Plague on the whole Camp, or rather the Pox: for that's a curse dependent on those that fight as we do for a Cuckolds queen.--- What ho, my Lord *Achilles.*

Enter Patroclus.

Patroc. Who's there, *Therſites?* Good *Therſites* come in and rail.

Thers. aside. If I cou'd have remembred an Ass with gilt trappings, thou hadst not slip'd out of my contemplation. But 'tis no mater; thy self upon thy self, the common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance be thine in great abundance: Heavens bless thee from a Tutor; and discipline come not near thee.

I have said my prayers; and the devil Envy say Amen.

Where's *Achilles?*

Enter

Enter Achilles.

Who's there, *Therſites?* why my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſerv'd thy ſelf to my table, ſo many meals? come begin, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy Commander, *Achilles:* then tell me *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles?*

Patro. Thy Benefactor *Therſites*; then tell me prithee what's thy ſelf?

Thers. Thy knower, *Patroclus*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patroc. Thou mayſt tell that know'ſt.

Achill. O, tell, tell. This muſt be very fooliſh: and I dye to have my ſpleen tickled.

Thers. I'le decline the whole queſtion. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Benefactor, I am *Patroclus* knower; and *Patroclus* is a fool.

Patroc. You Raſcal.

Achill. He's a priviledg'd man, proceed *Therſites.* Ha! ha! ha! prithee proceed while I am in the vein of laughing.

Therſit. And all theſe foreſaid men are fools: *Agamemnon's* a fool to offer to command *Achilles: Achilles* is a fool to be commanded by him, I am a fool to ſerve ſuch a fool, and *Patroclus* is a fool poſitive.

Patroc. Why am I a fool?

Therſi. Make that demand to Heaven, it ſuffices me thou art one.

Achill. Ha, ha, ha! O give me ribs of ſteel, or I ſhall ſplit with pleaſure: now play me *Neſtor* at a Night alarm: Mimick him rarely, make him cough and ſpet, and fumble with his gorget, and ſhake the rivet with his palſey hand; in and out, in and out, gad that's exceeding fooliſh.

Patroc. Neſtor ſhall not ſcape ſo, he has told us what we are; come what's *Neſtor*?

Therſi. Why he's an old wooden top, ſet up by father Time three hundred years ago, that hums to *Agamemnon* and *Ulyſſes*, and ſleeps to all the world beſides.

Achill. So let him ſleep for I'le no more of him: O my *Patroclus*, I but force a ſmile, *Ajax* has drawn the lot, and all the praiſe of *Hector* muſt be his.

Therſi. I hope to ſee his praiſe upon his ſhoulders, in blows and bruiſes, his arms, thighs, and body, all full of fame; ſuch fame as he gave me, and a wide hole at laſt full in his boſome, to let in day upon him, and diſcover the inſide of a fool.

Patroc. How he ſtruts in expectation of honour! he knows not what he does.

Therſi. Nay that's no wonder, for he never did.

Achill. Prithee ſay how he behaves himſelf?

Therſi. O you would be learning to practice, againſt ſuch another

time.——Why he toſſes up his head as he had built Caſtles i'th ayr; and he treads upward to 'em, ſtalks into th'Element, he ſurveys himſelf, as'twere to look for *Ajax*: he, wou'd be cry'd, for he has loſt himſelf, nay he knows no body; I ſaid good morrow *Ajax*, and he replyed thanks *Agamemnon*.

Achill. Thou ſhalt be my Ambaſſador to him *Therſites*,

Therſi. No, I'l put on his perſon, let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, and ſhall ſee the pageant of *Ajax*.

Achill. To him *Patroclus*, tell him I humbly deſire the valiant *Ajax* to invite the Noble *Hector* to my Tent; and to procure ſafe conduct for him from our Captain General *Agamemnon*.

Patroc. Jove bleſs the mighty *Ajax*!

Therſi. Humh!

Patroc. I come from the great *Achilles*.

Therſi. Ha!

Patroc. Who moſt humbly deſires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Therſi. Humh!

Patroc. And to procure him ſafe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Therſi. Agamemnon?

Patroc. I, my Lord.

Therſi. Ha!

Patroc. What ſay you to't?

Therſi. Farewell with all my heart.

Patroc. Your anſwer Sir!

Therſi. If to morrow be a fair day, by eleven a clock it will go one way or t'other, however he ſhall buy me dearly, fare you well with all my heart.

Achill. Why, but he is not in this tune is he?

Therſi. No, but he's thus out of tune, what Muſick will be in him when *Hector* has knocked out his brains I know not, nor I care not, but if emptineſs makes noiſe, his head will make melody.

Achill. My mind is troubled like a Fountain ſtir'd:
And I my ſelf ſee not the bottom on't.

Therſi. Won'd the Fountain of his mind were clear; that he might ſee an Aſs in't. [*Aſide.*] I had rather be a tick in a ſheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Diomedes, Menelaus.

Patroc. Look, who comes here.

Achill. Patroclus, I'le ſpeak with no body, come in after me *Therſites*.

Agam. Where's *Achilles*? [*Exeunt* Achill. Therſites.

Patro. Within, but ill diſpos'd my Lord.

Menel. We ſaw him at the opening of his Tent.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.

Patroc. I ſhall ſay ſo to him. [*Exit* Patroclus.

Diom.

Diom. I know he is not ſick.

Ajax. Yes, Lyon ſick, ſick of a proud heart, you may call it melancholy if you'll humor him: but on my honour 'tis no more than pride: and why ſhou'd he be proud?

Menel. Here comes *Patroclus*; but no *Achilles* with him.

Enter Patroclus.

Patroc. *Achilles* bids me tell you he is ſorry
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure
Did move you to this viſit: he's not well,
And begs you wou'd excuſe him, as unfit
For preſent buſineſs.

Agam. How! how's this *Patroclus*?
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers
Though he has much deſert, yet all his vertues
Do in our eyes begin to loſe their gloſs.
We came to ſpeak with him; you ſhall not err
If you return we think him over-proud
And under-honeſt. Tell him this; and add,
That if he over-hold his price ſo much
We'll none of him: but let him like an Engine
Not portable, lye lagg of all the Camp.
A ſtirring Dwarf is of more uſe to us
Than is a ſleeping Gyant: tell him ſo.

Patroc. I ſhall, and bring his anſwer preſently.

Agam. I'le not be ſatisfi'd but by himſelf.
So tell him, *Menelaus*.

Exeunt Menelaus Patroclus.

Ajax. What's he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks himſelf.

Ajax. Is he ſo much! do you not think he thinks himſelf a better Man than me?

Diom. No doubt he does.

Ajax. Do you think ſo?

Agam. No, noble *Ajax*; you are as ſtrong, as valiant; but much more courteous.

Ajax. Why ſhou'd a man be proud? I know not what pride is: I hate a proud man as I hate the ingendring of toads.

Diom. Aſide. 'Tis ſtrange he ſhould; and love himſelf ſo well.

Re-enter Menel.

Men. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Agam. What's his excuſe?

Men Why he relies on none
But his own will; poſſeſt he is with vanity:
What ſhou'd I ſay, he is ſo plaguy proud
That the death tokens of it are upon him;
And bode there's no recovery.

Enter

Enter Ulyſſes, Neſtor.

Agam. Let *Ajax* go to him.

Ulyſſ. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo.
We'll conſecrate the ſteps that *Ajax* makes
When they go from *Achilles:* ſhall that proud man
Be worſhip'd by a greater than himſelf,
One whom we hold our Idoll?
Shall *Ajax* go to him? No, *Jove* forbid,
And ſay in thunder, go to him *Achilles.*

Neſt. [*Aſide.*] O this is well; he rubs him where it itches.

Ajax. If I go to him with my Gauntlet clench'd,
I'le daſh him or'e the face.

Agam. O no, you ſhall not go.

Ajax. And he be proud with me I'le cure his pride: a paltry inſolent fellow!

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelf?

Ulyſſ. Aſide. The crow chides blackneſs.——here is a man, but 'tis before his face, and therefore I am ſilent.

Neſt. Wherefore are you? He is not envious as *Achilles* is.

Ulyſſ. Know all the world he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorſon dog that ſhall palter thus with us! wou'd a were a *Trojan.*

Ulyſſ. Thank Heav'n my Lord, you're of a gentle nature,
Praiſe him that got you, her that brought you forth;
But he who taught you firſt the uſe of Arms,
Let *Mars* divide Eternity in two,
And give him half. I will not praiſe your wiſedom,
Neſtor ſhall do't; but pardon father *Neſtor,*
Were you as green as *Ajax*, and your brain
Temper'd like his, you never ſhou'd excell him;
But be as *Ajax* is.

Ajax. Shall I call you Father?

Ulyſſ. I, my good Son.

Diom. Be rul'd by him Lord *Ajax.*

Ulyſſ. There is no ſtaying here; the Hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket, pleaſe it our great General,
I ſhall impart a counſell, which obſerv'd
May cure this Madmans pride.

Agam. In my own tent our talk will be more private.

Ulyſſ. But nothing without *Ajax:*
He is the ſoul and ſubſtance of my councels,
And I am but his ſhadow.

Ajax. You ſhall ſee
I am not like *Achilles,*
Let us confer; and I'l give counſel too. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Pandarus, Troilus, Creſſida.

Pand. Come, come, what need you bluſh? ſhame's a babie; ſware the oaths now to her, that you ſwore to me: what are you gone again? you muſt be watch'd ere you are made tame muſt you? why don't you ſpeak to her firſt!——Come draw this Curtain, and lets ſee your picture: alas a day, how loath you are to offend day-light!——(they kiſſe) that's well, that's well, nay you ſhall fight your hearts out ere I part you.——ſo ſo——ſo ſo——

Troil. You have bereft me of all words, fair *Creſſida.*

Pand. Words, pay no debts; give her deeds:—what billing again! here's in witneſs whereof the parties interchangeably——come in, come in, you loſe time both.

Troil. O *Creſſida*, how often have I wiſh'd me here?

Creſſi. Wiſh'd my Lord!——the Gods grant! O my Lord.——

Troil. What ſhou'd they grant? what makes this pretty interruption in thy words?

Creſſi. I ſpeak I know not what!

Troil. Speak ever ſo; and if I anſwer you
I know not what, it ſhews the more of love.
Love is a child that talks in broken language,
Yet then he ſpeaks moſt plain.

Creſſi. I finde it true, that to be wife and love
Are inconſiſtent things.

Pand. what bluſhing ſtill, have you not done talking yet!

Creſ. Well Uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pand. I thank you for that: if my Lord get a boy of you, you'l give him me. Be true to my Lord, if he flinch I'll be hang'd for him——(Now am I in my kingdom!) [*aſide*]

Troil. You know your pledges now, your Uncles word and my firm faith.

Pand. Nay I'll give my word for her too: our kindred are conſtant: they are burrs I can aſſure you, they'll ſtick where they are thrown.

Creſſi. Boldneſs comes to me now, and I can ſpeak:
Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you long.

Troil. Why was my *Creſſida* then ſo hard to win?

Creſ. Hard to ſeem wonn; but I was wonn my Lord.
What have I blabb'd, who will be true to us,
When we are ſo unfaithfull to our ſelves!
O bid me hold my tongue; for in this rapture
Sure I ſhall ſpeak what I ſhou'd ſoon repent.
But ſtop my mouth.

Troil.

Troil. A ſweet command; and willingly obey'd. [*kiſſes*]

Pand. Pretty, I'faith!

Creſs. My Lord I do beſeech you pardon me,
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſs.
I am aſham'd: O heavens what have I done?
For this time let me take my leave, my Lord.

Pand. Leave! and you take leave till to morrow morning, call me Cut.

Creſs. Pray let me go.

Troil. Why what offends you, Madam?

Creſs. My own company.

Troil. You cannot ſhun your ſelf.

Creſs. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of ſelf reſides in you.

Troil. Oh that I thought truth cou'd be in a Woman!
(As if it can, I will preſume in you)
That my integrity and faith might meet
The ſame return from her who has my heart.
How ſhou'd I be exalted! but alas
I am more plain than dull ſimplicity!
And artleſs, as the infancy of truth.

Creſs. In that I muſt not yield to you my Lord.

Troil. All conſtant Lovers ſhall, in future Ages,
Approve their truth by *Troilus*: when their verſe
Wants *ſimiles*, as turtles to their mates:
Or true as flowing tides are to the Moon;
Earth to the Center: Iron to Adamant:
At laſt when truth is tir'd with repetition,
As true as *Troilus* ſhall ſhall crown up the verſe,
And ſanctify the Numbers.

Creſs. Prophet may you be!
If I am falſe, or ſwerve from truth of love,
When time is old, and has forgot it ſelf,
In all things elſe, let it remember me;
And after all compariſons of falſhood
To ſtabb the heart of perjury in Maids;
Let it be ſaid as falſe as *Creſſida*.

Pand. Go to, little ones: a bargain made: here I hold your hand, and here my Couſins: if ever you prove falſe to one another, after I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together: let all pitifull goers between, be call'd to the worlds end after my name, *Pandars*.

Creſs. And will you promiſe that the holy Prieſt
Shall make us one for ever?

Pand.

Pand. Prieſts! marry hang 'em! they make you one; go in, go in, and make your ſelves one without a Prieſt: I'll have no Prieſts work in my houſe.

Creſſi. I'll not conſent unleſs you ſwear.

Pand. I, do, do, ſwear; a pretty Woman's worth an Oath at any time. Keep or break as time ſhall try; but 'tis good to ſwear, for the ſaving of her credit: Hang 'em ſweet Rogues they never expect a Man ſhou'd keep it. Let him but ſwear, and that's all they care for.

Troil. Heavens proſper me as I devoutly ſwear,
Never to be but yours.

Pand. Whereupon I will lead you into a chamber: and ſuppoſe there be a bed in't; as I'ſack, I know not: but you'll forgive me, if there be: away, away, you naughty hildings: get you together, get you together. Ah you wags, do you leer indeed at one another! do the neyes twinkle at him? get you together, get you thgether.

[*Leads them out.*

Enter at one door Æneas *with a Torch, at another* Hector, Diomede *with Torches.*

Hect. So ho; who goes there? *Æneas!*

Æneas. Prince *Hector!*

Diom. Good morrow Lord *Æneas.*

Hect. A valiant Greek, *Æneas*; take his hand;
Witneſs the proceſs of your ſpeech within;
You told how *Diomede* a whole week by days
Did haunt you in the field.

Æneas. Health to you, valiant Sir,
During all buſineſs of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Diom. Both one and t'other, *Diomede* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and ſo long health,
But when contention, and occaſion meets,
By *Jove*, I'll play the hunter for thy life,

Æneas. And thou ſhalt hunt a Lion that will fly
With his face backward: welcome *Diomede*,
Welcome to *Troy*: now by *Anchiſes* Soul,
No man alive can love in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We know each other well.

Æne. We do; and long to know each other worſe
To *Hect.* my Lord, the King has ſent for me in haſte:
Know you the reaſon?

Hect. Yes: his purpoſe meets you.
It was to bring this *Greek* to *Calchas's* houſe,

Where *Pandarus* his Brother, and his Daughter
Fair *Creſſida* reſide: and there to render
For our *Anthenor*, now redeem'd from priſon,
The Lady *Creſſida*:

Æne. What! Has the King reſolv'd to gratifie
That Traitor *Colchos*; who forſook his Country,
And turn'd to them, by giving up this Pledge?

Hect. The bitter diſpoſition of the time
Is ſuch, though *Colchos* as a Fugitive
Deſerve it not, that we muſt free *Anthenor*
On whoſe wiſe Counſels, we can moſt rely:
And therefore *Creſſida* muſt be return'd.

Æne. A word my Lord ——(Your pardon *Diomede*)
Your Brother *Troilus*, to my certain knowledge,
Does lodge this night in *Pandarus* his houſe:

Hect. Go you before: tell him of our approach
Which will I fear be much
Unwelcome to him.

Æne. I aſſure you
Troilus had rather *Troy* were born to *Greece*,
Than *Creſſida* from *Troy*.

Hect. I know it well: and how he is beſide,
Of haſty blood.

Æne. He will not hear me ſpeak:
But I have noted long betwixt you two
A more than Brothers love: an awful homage
The fiery youth pays to your elder vertue:

Hect. Leave it to me; I'le manage him alone:
Attend you *Diomede*; my Lord good morrow: [to *Diomede*
An urgent buſineſs takes me from the pleaſure
Your company affords me; but *Æneas*
With joy will undertake to ſerve you here.
And to ſupply my room.

Æneas to *Diomed.* My Lord, I wait you. *Exeunt ſeverally.*

[Diomede *with* Æneas; Hector *at another door.*

Enter Pandarus: *a Servant*: *Muſick.*

Pand. Softly, Villain, ſoftly; I would not for half *Troy* the Lovers ſhould be diſturb'd under my Roof, liſten Rogue, liſten, do they breathe?

Serv. Yes, Sir, I hear by ſome certain ſignes, they are both awake.

Pand. That's as it ſhould be: that's well aboth ſides: [*liſtens*]
Yes faith they are both alive: ——there was a creak! there was a creak: they are both alive and alive like; there was a creak: a ha boyes!——Is the Muſick ready?

Serv.

Serv. Shall they ſtrike up, Sir?

Pand. Art thou ſure they do not know the parties?

Serv. They play to the Man in the Moon, for ought they know.

Pand. To the Man in the Moon, ah Rogue! do they ſo? indeed Rogue! I underſtand thee: thou art a wag; thou art a wag. Come towze rowze! in the name of love, ſtrike up boys!

Muſick, and then Song: during which Pandarus *liſtens.*

Song. *Can life be a bleſſing,*
Or worth the poſſeſſing,
Can life be a bleſſing if love were away?
Ah no! though our love all night keep us waking,
And though he torment us with cares all the day,
Yet he ſweetens he ſweetens our pains in the taking;
There's an hour at the laſt, there's an hour to repray.

2.

In every poſſeſſing,
The raviſhing bleſſing,
In every poſſeſſing the fruit of our pain,
Poor lovers forget long ages of anguiſh,
Whate're they have ſuffer'd and done to obtain;
'Tis a pleaſure, a pleaſure to ſigh and to languiſh,
When we hope, when we hope to be happy again.

Pand. Put up, and vaniſh; they are coming out; what a ferrup, will you play when the dance is done? I ſay vaniſh. *Exit Muſick.*

Peeping. Good I'faith; good I'faith! what hand in hand?——— a fair quarrel, well ended! do do, walk him, walk him; A good girl, a diſcreet girl: I ſee ſhe'll make the moſt of him.

Enter Troilus *and* Creſſida.

Troil. Farewell my life! leave me, and back to bed:
Sleep ſeal thoſe pretty eyes;
And tie thy ſenſes in as ſoft a band
As Infants void of thought.

Pandar. ſhewing himſelf. How now, how now, how go matters? hear you Maid, hear you; where's my Couſin *Creſſida*?

Creſs. Go hang your ſelf you naughty mocking Uncle:
You bring me to do ill, and then you jeer me!

Pand. What ill have I brought you to do? ſay what if you dare now! My Lord, have I brought her to do ill?

Creſs. Come, come, beſhrew your heart; you'll neither be good your ſelf, nor ſuffer others.

Pand. Alas poor Wench; alas poor Devil; haſt not ſlept to night? wou'd anot (a naughty Man) let it ſleep one twinkle! Ah bugbear take him!

Knock within. Creſ. Who's that at door? good Uncle go and ſee: My Lord come you again into my chamber;
You ſmile and mock as if I meant naughtily.

Troil. Indeed, indeed!

Creſſi. Come, y'are deceiv'd; I think of no ſuch thing:

Knock again. How earneſtly they knock, pray come in:
I wou'd not for all *Troy*, you were ſeen here. *Exeunt Troil. Creſſida.*

Pand. Who's there? what's the matter?
Will you beat down the houſe there?

Enter Hector.

Hect. Good morrow my Lord *Pandarus*; good morrow.

Pand. Who's there, Prince *Hector?* what news with you ſo early?

Hect. Is not my Brother *Troilus* here?

Pand. Here! what ſhould he do here?

Hect. Come, he is here my Lord, do not deny him:
It does import him much to ſpeak with me.

Pand. Is he here ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be ſworn;
For my own part I came in late:——what ſhou'd he do here?

Hect. Come, come, you do him wrong ere y'are aware; you'll be ſo true to him, that you'll be falſe to him: you ſhall not know he's here; but yet go fetch him hither:—go. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Enter Troilus.

I bring you Brother, moſt unwelcome news;
But ſince of force you are to hear it told,
I thought a Friend and Brother beſt might tell it:
Therefore, before I ſpeak, arm well your mind
And think y'are to be touch'd ev'n to the quick;
That ſo, prepar'd for ill you may be leſs
Surpris'd to hear the worſt.

Troil. See *Hector*, what it is to be your Brother,
I ſtand prepar'd already.

Hect. Come, you are not,
I know you, *Troilus*, you are hot and fiery:
You kindle at a wrong; and catch it quick
As ſtubble does the flame.

Troil. 'Tis heat of blood,
And raſhneſs of my youth; I'll mend that errour:
Begin and try my temper.

Hect. Can you think
Of that one thing which moſt cou'd urge your anger
Drive you to madneſs, plunge you in deſpair,

And

And make you hate even me ?
Troil. There can be nothing.
I love you, Brother, with that awful Love
I bear to Heav'n, and to ſuperiour Vertue,
And when I quit this Love, you muſt be that
Which *Hector* ne'r can be.
Hect. Remember well
What you have ſaid: for when I claim your Promiſe.
I ſhall expect performance.
Troil. I am taught:
I will not rage.
Hect. Nor grieve beyond a Man.
Troil. I wo'not be a Woman.
Hect. Do not, Brother:
And I will tell my news, in terms ſo mild,
So tender, and ſo fearful to offend,
As Mothers uſe to ſooth their froward Babes;
Nay I will ſwear as you have ſworn to me,
That if ſome guſt of paſſion ſwell your Soul
To words intemperate, I will bear with you.
Troil. What wou'd this pomp of preparation mean?
Come you to bring me news of *Priams* death,
Or *Hecuba's?*
Hect. The Gods forbid I ſhou'd;
But what I bring is nearer you, more cloſe,
An ill more yours.
Troil. There is but one that can be.
Hect. Perhaps 'tis that.
Troil. I'll not ſuſpect my Fate
So far, I know I ſtand poſſeſt of that.
Hect. 'Tis well: conſider at whoſe houſe I find you.
Troil. Ha!
Hect. Does it ſtart you? I muſt wake you more:
Anthenor is exchang'd.
Troil. For whom?
Hect. Imagin.
Troil. It comes like thunder grumbling in a cloud,
Before the dreadful break: if here it fall,
The ſubtile flame will lick up all my blood,
And in a moment turn my heart to aſhes.
Hect. That *Creſſida* for *Anthenor* is exchang'd,
Becauſe I knew 'twas harſh, I wou'd not tell;
Not all at once; but by degrees and glimpſes
I let it in, leſt it might ruſh upon you
And quite o'repower your Soul: In this I think

I ſhow'd a friend: your part muſt follow next:
Which is to curb your choler, tame your grief,
And bear it like a Man.
Troil. I think I do,
That I yet live to hear you; but no more:
Hope for no more: for ſhou'd ſome Goddeſs offer
To give her ſelf and all her Heaven in change.
I wou'd not part with *Creſſida*: ſo return
This Anſwer as my laſt.
Hect. 'Twill not be taken:
Nor will I bear ſuch News.
Troil. You bore me worſe.
Hect. Worſe for your ſelf; not for the general State,
And all our common Safety, which depends
On free'd *Anthenors* Wiſdom.
Troil. You wou'd ſay.
That I'm the Man mark'd out to be unhappy;
And made the publick Sacrifice for *Troy*.
Hect. I wou'd ſay ſo indeed; for can you find
A Fate more glorious, than to be that Victim?
If parting from a Miſtreſs can procure
A Nations Happineſs, ſhow me that Prince
Who dares to truſt his future Fame ſo far
To ſtand the ſhock of Annals, blotted thus,
He ſold his Country for a Womans Love?
Troil. O, ſhe's my Life, my Being, and my Soul!
Hect. Suppoſe ſhe were, which yet I will not grant,—
You ought to give her up.
Troil. For whom?
Hect. The Publick.
Troil. And what are they that I ſhou'd give up her
To make them happy? let me tell you, Brother,
The Publick is the Lees of vulgar Slaves:
Slaves with the minds of Slaves: ſo born, ſo bred;
Yet ſuch as theſe, united in a Herd,
Are call'd the Public: Millions of ſuch Cyphers
Make up the publick Sum: an Eagles life
Is worth a world of Crows: are Princes made
For ſuch as theſe? who, were one Soul extracted
From all their beings, cou'd not raiſe a Man.—
Hect. And what are we, but for ſuch men as theſe?
'Tis Adoration, ſome ſay, makes a God:
And who ſhou'd pay it? where wou'd be their Altars,
Were no inferiour Creatures here on Earth?
Ev'n thoſe who ſerve, have their Expectances;

Degrees of Happineſs, which they muſt ſhare,
Or they'll refuſe to ſerve us.
Troil. Let e'm have it.
Let e'm eat, drink, and ſleep; the only uſe
They have of Life:
Hect. You take all theſe away,
Unleſs you give up *Creſſida.*
Troil. Forbear;
Let *Paris* give up *Hellen:* ſhe's the cauſe,
And root of all this miſchief.
Hect. Your own Suffrage
Condemns you there: you voted for her ſtay.
Troil. If one muſt ſtay, the other ſha'not go.
Hect. She ſha'not?
Troil. Once again, I ſay, ſhe ſhall not.
Hect. Our Father has decree'd it otherwiſe.
Troil. No matter.
Hect. How! no matter *Troilus?*
A King, and Fathers Will!
Troil. When 'tis unjuſt.
Hect. Come, ſhe ſhall go.
Troil. She ſhall? then I am dar'd.
Hect. If nothing elſe will do.
Troil. Anſwer me firſt;
And then I'll anſwer that: be ſure I will;
Whoſe hand ſeal'd this exchange?
Hect. My Fathers firſt;
Then all the Council's after.
Troil. Was yours there?
Hect. Mine was there too.
Troil. Then you'r no more my Friend:
And for your ſake, now mark me what I ſay,
She ſhall not go.
Hect. Go to, you are a Boy.
Troil. A Boy! I'm glad I am not ſuch a Man,
Not ſuch as thou; a Traitor to thy Brother:
Nay more, thy Friend: but Friend's a ſacred Name,
Which none but brave and honeſt men ſhou'd wear;
In thee 'tis vile; 'tis proſtitute: 'tis Air;
And thus I puff it from me.
Hect. Well, young Man,
Since I'm no Friend (and oh that e're I was
To one ſo far unworthy) bring her out,
Or by our Fathers Soul, of which no part
Did e'r deſcend to thee, I'll force her hence.

Troil.

Troil. I laugh at thee.
Hect. Thou dar'ſt not.
Troil. I dare more,
If urg'd beyond my temper: prove my daring,
And ſee which of us has the larger ſhare
Of our great Father's Soul
Hect. No more, thou know'ſt me.
Troil. I do; and know my ſelf.
Hect. All this, ye Gods,
And for the Daughter of a Fugitive,
A Traitor to his Country?
Troil. 'Tis too much.
Hect. By Heaven too little; for I think her common.
Troil. How, Common!
Hect. Common as the tainted Shambles,
Or as the duſt we tread.
Troil. By Heaven as chaſte as thy *Andromache.*

Hector *lays his Hand on* Troilus *his Arm;*
and Troilus *does the ſame to him.*

Hect. What! nam'ſt thou them together?
Troil. No; I do not:
For *Creſſida* is firſt: as chaſt as ſhe,
But much more fair.
Hect. O patience, patience, Heaven!
Thou tempt'ſt me ſtrangely, ſhou'd I kill thee now,
I know not if the Gods can be offended
Or think I ſlew a Brother; but be gone,
Be gone, or I ſhall ſhake thee into Atomes:
Thou know'ſt I can.
Troil. I care not if you cou'd.
Hect. walking off. I thank ye Gods for calling to my mind
My promiſe, that no words of thine ſhou'd urge me,
Beyond the bounds of reaſon: but in thee
'Twas brutal baſeneſs, ſo forewarn'd to fall
Beneath the name of Man: to ſpurn my kindneſs;
And when I offer'd thee (thou know'ſt how loth!)
The wholſom bitter cup o' friendly counſel
To daſh it in my face: farewel, farewel.
Ungrateful as thou art: hereafter uſe
The name of Brother; but of Friend no more. [*going on.*
Troil. Wilt thou not break yet Heart? ſtay, Brother, ſtay;
I promis'd too, but I have broke my Vow,
And you keep yours too well.

Hect.

Hect. What wouldſt thou more?
Take heed, young man how you too far provoke me!
For Heaven can witneſs, 'tis with much conſtraint
That I preſerve my faith.
Troil. Elſe you wou'd kill me;
Hect. By all the Gods I wou'd.
Troil. I'm ſatisfied.
You have condemn'd me, and I'll do't my ſelf;
What's life to him, who has no uſe of life?
A barren purchaſe, held upon hard terms!
For I have loſt (oh what have I not loſt!)
The faireſt, deareſt, kindeſt of her Sex,
And loſt her ev'n by him, by him, ye Gods,
Who only cou'd and only ſhou'd protect me;
And if I had a joy beyond that love,
A friend, have loſt him too!
Hect. Speak that again:
(For I cou'd hear it ever) ſaidſt thou not
That if thou hadſt a joy beyond that love,
It was a friend? O ſaidſt thou not a friend?
That doubting if was kind: then thou'rt divided;
And I have ſtill ſome part,
Troil. If ſtill you have
You do not care to have it.
Hect. How, not care!
Troil. No Brother, care not.
Hect. Am I but thy Brother?
Troil. You told me I muſt call you friend no more.
Hect. How far my words were diſtant from my heart!
Know then I told whee ſo I lov'd whee moſt.
Alas! it is the uſe of humane frailty
To fly to worſt extremities with thoſe
To whom we moſt are kind.
Troil. Is't poſſible?
Then you are ſtill my friend!
Hect. Heaven knows I am.
Troil. And can forgive the Sallies of my paſſion;
For I have been to blame: oh much too blame,
Have ſaid ſuch words, nay done ſuch actions too,
(Baſe as I am) that my aw'd, conſcious Soul
Sinks in my breſt, nor dare I lift an eye
On him I have offended.
Hect. Peace be to thee,
And calmneſs ever there. I blame thee not:

I know thou lov'ſt; and what can love not do?
I caſt the wild diſorderly account
Of all thy words and deeds on that mad paſſion,
I pity thee, indeed I pity thee:
Troil. Do; for I need it: let me lean my head
Upon thy boſome; all my peace dwells there;
Thou art ſome God, or much much more than man!
Hect. Alas! to looſe the joys of all thy youth,
One who deſerv'd thy love!
Troil. Did ſhe deſerve?
Hect. She did.
Troil. Then ſure ſhe was no common creature.
Hect. I ſaid it in my rage, I thought not ſo.
Troil. That thought has bleſs'd me! but to loſe this love
After long pains, and after ſhort poſſeſſion.
Hect. I feel it for thee: Let me go to *Priam*,
I'le break this treaty off, or let me fight;
I'le be thy champion; and ſecure both her,
And thee, and *Troy*.
Troil. It muſt not be my Brother!
For then your errour would be more than mine:
I'le bring her forth, and you ſhall bear her hence;
That you have pitied me is my reward.
Hect. Go then; and the good gods reſtore her to thee,
And with her all the quiet of thy mind;
The triumph of this kindneſs be thy own;
And heaven and earth this teſtimony yield,
That Friendſhip never gain'd a nobler field. *Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Pandarus, Creſſida *meeting.*

Pand. IS't poſſible? no ſooner got but loſt? The devil take *Antenor*: the young Prince will go mad: A plague upon *Antheno*r! wou'd they had broke's neck.

Creſſi. How now! what's the matter! who was here?

Pand. Oh, oh!

Creſſi. Why ſigh you ſo? O where's my *Troilus*? tell me ſweet Uncle what's the matter?

Pand. Wou'd I were as deep under the earth, as I am above it!

Creſſi. Oh the Gods, what's the matter?

Pand. Prithee get thee in, wou'd thou hadſt never been born! I knew thou would'ſt be his death; oh poor Gentleman! A plague upon *Antenor*!

Creſſi. Good Uncle, I beſeech you on my knees, tell me what's the matter?

Pand Thou muſt be gone girl; thou muſt be gone, to the fugitive Rogue Prieſt thy father, (and he's my brother too, but that's all one at this time:) a Pox upon *Antenor*.

Creſſi. O ye Immortal Gods, I will not go.

Pand. Thou muſt, thou muſt.

Creſſi. I will not: I have quite forgot my father; I have no touch of birth; no ſpark of Nature: No kin, no blood, no life; nothing ſo near me As my dear *Troilus*?

Enter Troilus.

Pand. Here, here, here, he comes ſweet Duck!

Creſſi. O *Troilus, Troilus!* [*They both weep over each other, ſhe runing into his arms.*

Pand. What a pair of Spectacles is here! let me embrace too: Oh heart, *ſings* (as the ſaying is) O heart, heavy heart, why ſighſt thou without breaking (*where he anſwers again*), becauſe thou canſt not eaſe thy ſmart, by friendſhip nor by ſpeaking, there was never a truer rhime; let us caſt away nothing; for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe: we ſee it, we ſee it, how now lambs?

Troil. Creſſida, I love thee with ſo ſtrange a purity, That the bleſt Gods, angry with my devotions, More bright in zeal, than that I pay their Altars, Will take thee from my ſight?

Creſſi. Have the Gods envy?

Pand. I, I, I, 'tis too plain a caſe!

Cress. And is it true that I must go from *Troy*?

Troil. A hateful truth.

Cress. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troil. From *Troy* and *Troilus*: and suddenly;
So suddenly 'tis counted but by minutes.

Cress. What not an hour allow'd for taking leave?

Troil. Ev'n that's bereft us too; our envious fates
Justle betwixt, and part the dear adieu's
Of meeting lips, clasp'd hands, and lock'd embraces.

Æneas within.

My Lord, is the Lady ready yet?

Troil. Hark, you are call'd: some say the Genius so
Cries come, to him who instantly must die.

Pand. Where are my tears? some rain to lay this wind?
Or my heart will be blown up by th' roots.

Troil. Hear me, my Love; be thou but true like me.

Cressi. I true! how now, what wicked thought is this?

Troil. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I spoke not, be thou true, as fearing thee;
But be thou true, I said to introduce
My following Protestation: be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cressi. You'll be expos'd to dangers.

Troil. I care not: but be true.

Cressi. Be true again?

Troil. Hear why I speak it, Love:
The *Grecian* Youths are full of *Grecian* Arts:
Alas, a kind of holy jealousie
Which I beseech you, call a vertuous sin,
Makes me afraid, how far you may be tempted.

Cressi. O Heavens! you love me not.

Troil. Die I a Villain then.
In this I do not call your faith in question
But my own merit.

Cressi. Fear not, I'll be true.

Troil. Then Fate, thy worst; for I will see thee, Love,
Not all the *Grecian* Host shall keep me out,
Nor *Troy*, though wall'd with fire, shou'd hold me in.

Æneas within.

My Lord, My Lord *Troilus*: I must call you.

Pand. A mischief call him: nothing but Schreechowls? do, do, call again; you had best part 'em now in the sweetness of their Love: I'll be hang'd if this *Æneas* be the Son of *Venus*, for all his bragging.

Honest

Honeſt *Venus* was a Punk: wou'd ſhe have parted Lovers: no, he has not a drop of *Venus* blood in him: honeſt *Venus* was a Punk.

Troil. To *Pand.* Prithee go out, and gain one minute more.

Pand. Marry and I will: follow you your buſineſs; loſe no time, 'Tis very precious; go, *Bill* again: 'I'll tell the Rogue his own I warrant him. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Creſſi. What, have we gain'd by this one minute more?

Troil. Only to wiſh another, and another,
A longer ſtruggling with the pangs of death.

Creſſi. O thoſe who do not know what parting is,
Can never learn to die!

Troil. When I but think this night may be our laſt,
If *Jove* cou'd ſet me in the place of *Atlas*,
And lay the weight of Heav'n and God's upon me,
He cou'd not preſs me more.

Creſſi. Oh let me go that I may know my grief;
Grief is but gueſs'd, while thou art ſtanding by:
But I too ſoon ſhall know what abſence is.

Troil. Why 'tis to be no more: another name for death.
'Tis the Sun parting from the frozen North;
And I, methinks, ſtand on ſome Icy Cliff,
To watch the laſt low Circles that he makes;
Till he ſink down from Heav'n! O only *Creſſida*,
If thou depart from me, I cannot live:
I have not Soul enough to laſt for grief;
But thou ſhalt hear what grief has done with me.

Creſs. If I could live to hear it, I were falſe,
But as a careful Traveller, who fearing
Aſſaults of Robbers, leaves his Wealth behind,
I truſt my Heart with thee; and to the *Greeks*
Bear but an empty Casket.

Troil. Then, I will live; that I may keep that Treaſure:
And arm'd with this aſſurance, let thee go
Looſe, yet ſecure as is the gentle Hawk,
When whiſtled off ſhe mounts into the wind:
Our Love's, like Mountains high above the clouds,
Though winds and tempeſts beat their aged feet,
Their peaceful heads nor ſtorm nor thunder know,
But ſcorn the threatning rack that rowls below,

Exeunt Ambo.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Achilles *and* Patroclus, *ſtanding in their Tent.*

Ulyſſes, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Neſtor, Ajax, *paſſing over the Stage.*

Ulyſſ. *Achilles* in th'entrance of his Tent:
Pleaſe it our General to paſs ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot, and Princes all
Look on him with neglectful eyes and ſcorn:
Pride muſt be cur'd by Pride.
Agam. We'll execute your purpoſe, and put on
A form of ſtrangeneſs as we paſs along,
So do each Prince, either ſalute him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which will ſhake him more
Than if not look'd on: I will lead the way.
Achil. What, comes the General to ſpeak with me?
You know my mind; I'll fight no more with *Troy*.
Agam. What ſays *Achilles*, wou'd he ought with us?
Neſt. Wou'd you, my Lord, ought with the General?
Achil. No.
Neſt. Nothing my Lord.
Agam. The better.
Menel. How do you? how do you?
Achill. What, does the Cuckold ſcorn me?
Ajax. How now *Patroclus*?
Achill. Good morrow *Ajax*.
Ajax. Ha!
Achill. Good morrow.
Ajax. I, and good next day too.
[*Exeunt all but* Achilles, *and* Patroclus.
Achill. What mean theſe Fellows, know they not *Achilles*?
Patroc. Thy paſs by ſtrangely; they were us'd to bow;
And ſend their ſmiles before 'em to *Achilles*,
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep to holy Altars.
Achill. Am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, Greatneſs once fall'n out with Fortune
Muſt fall out with Men too: what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own Fall: For men like Butter-flies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the Summer.
Patroc. 'Tis known you are in love with *Hector's* Siſter,
And therefore will not fight: and your not fighting

Draws

Draws on you this contempt: I oft have told you,
A Woman impudent and manniſh grown,
Is no t more loath'd than an effeminate Man
In ti me of Action: I'm condemn'd for this:
They think my little Appetite to War
Deads all the fire in you: but rowſe your ſelf,
And love ſhall from your neck unlooſe his folds;
Or like a dew drop from a Lions Mane
Be ſhaken into Air.

Achill. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector?*

Patroc. Yes, and perhaps ſhall gain much honour by him.

Achill. I ſee my Reputation is at ſtake.

Patroc. O then beware, thoſe wounds heal ill that Men have giv'n themſelves, becauſe they give 'em deepeſt.

Achill. I'll do ſomething:
But what I know not yet,——No more our Champion.

Re-enter Ajax, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomede, Trumpet.

Agam. Here art thou daring Combatant, valiant *Ajax.*
Give with thy Trumpet, a loud note to *Troy,*
Thou Noble Champion, that the ſounding Air
May pierce the Ears of the great Challenger,
And call him hither.

Ajax. Trumpet, take that Purſe:
Now crack thy Lungs, and ſplit the ſounding Braſs;
Tho blow'ſt for *Hector.*

[*Trumpet ſounds, and is anſwer'd from within.*

Enter Hector, Æneas, *and other Trojans.*

Agam. Yonder comes the Troop.

Æneas, *coming to the Greeks.*

Health to the Grecian Lords; what ſhall be done
To him that ſhall be vanquiſh'd? or do you purpoſe,
A Victor ſhould be known? will you the Knights,
Shall to the edge of all extremity,
Purſue each other, or ſhall be divided
By any Voice, or Order of the Field;
Hector bad ask.

Agam. Which way wou'd *Hector* have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey Conditions.

Achill. 'Tis done like *Hector,* but ſecurely done;
A little proudly, and too much deſpiſing
The Knight oppos'd, he might have found his match.

Æne. If not *Achilles,* Sir, what is your name?

Achill.

Achill. If not *Achilles*, nothing.
Æne. Therefore *Achilles*, but who e'r knew this;
Great *Hector* knows no Pride, but weigh him well.
And that which looks like Pride is Courteſie.
This *Ajax* is half made of *Hectors* blood,
In love whereof half *Hector* ſtays at home;
Achill. A Maiden battel! I perceive you then.
Agam. Go *Diomede*, and ſtand by valiant *Ajax*:
As you and Lord *Æneas* ſhall conſent,
So let the Fight proceed or terminate.

[*The Trumpets ſound on both ſides, while* Æneas *and* Diomede *take their places, as Judges of the Field: The Trojans and Grecians rank themſelves on either ſide.*

Ulyſſ. They are oppos'd already.

[*Fight equal at firſt: then* Ajax *has* Hector *at diſadvantage: at laſt* Hector *cloſes,* Ajax *falls on one knee,* Hector *ſtands over him but ſtrikes not, and* Ajax *riſes.*

Æneas *throwing his Gauntlet betwixt them.*

Princes enough, you both have ſhown much valour.
Diomede. And we as Judges of the Field declare;
The Combat here ſhall ceaſe.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Æne. Then let it be as *Hector* ſhall determine.
Hect. If it be left to me, I will no more.
Ajax, thou art my Aunt *Heſion's* Son;
The Obligation of our blood forbids us.
But were thy mixture Greek and Trojan ſo,
That thou cou'dſt ſay, this part is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan, hence thou ſhou'dſt not bear
One Grecian Limb, wherein my pointed Sword
Had not impreſſion made, but Heav'n forbid
That any drop thou borrow'ſt from my Mother,
Shou'd ere be drain'd by me, let me embrace thee Couſin:
By him who thunders, thou haſt ſinewy Arms,
Hector wou'd have 'em fall upon him thus:—— [*Embrace*]
Thine be the honour, *Ajax*,
Ajax. I thank thee *Hector*,
Thou art too gentle, and to free a Man:
I came to kill thee, Couſin, and to gain
A great addition from that glorious Act:
But thou haſt quite diſarm'd me.
Hect. I am glad.

For

For 'tis the only way I cou'd disarm thee.
Ajax. If I might in intreaty find success,
I wou'd desire to see thee at my Tent.
Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnons* wish, and great *Achilles*,
Both long to see the valiant *Hector* there.
Hect. *Æneas*, call my Brother *Troilus* to me;
And you two sign this friendly enterview.
[Agamemnon, *and the chief of both sides approach.*
Agam. to *Hect.* Worthy of Arms, as welcome as to one
Who wou'd be rid of such an Enemy.
To *Troil.* My well fam'd Lord of *Troy*, no less to you.
Nest. I have, thou gallant *Trojan* seen thee often
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way,
Through ranks of *Grecian* Youth, and I have seen thee
As swift as lightning spur thy *Phrygian* Steed,
And seen thee scorning many forfeit lives,
When thou hast hung thy advanc'd Sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on prostrate foes;
That I have said to all the standers by,
Lo *Jove* is yonder, distributing life.
Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old Chronicle,
Who hast so long walkt hand in hand with time:
Most Reverend *Nestor* I am glad to clasp thee.
Ulyss. I wonder now, how yonder City stands,
When we have here, her base and pillar by us.
Hect. I know your count'nance, Lord *Ulysses*, well;
Ah Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since first I saw your self and *Diomede*,
In *Ilion*, on your Greekish Embassy.
Achill. Now *Hector* I have fed mine eyes on thee,
I have with exact view perus'd thee *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hect. Is this *Achilles?*
Achill. I am *Achilles.*
Hect. Stand fair, I prithee let me look on thee.
Achill. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achill. Thou art too brief, I will the second time
As I wou'd buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a Book of sport thou read'st me o'r;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Achill. Tell me ye Heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? there, or there, or there?
That I may give th'imagin'd wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, whereout

Hectors great Spirit flew! answer me Heavens!

Hect. Wert thou an Oracle to tell me this,
I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
I'll kill thee every where.
Ye Noble Grecians pardon me this boast.
His insolence draws folly from my lips,
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words;
Else may I never ——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, Cousin,
And you, *Achilles*, let these threats alone;
You may have every day enough of *Hector*,
If you have stomach, the General State I fear
Can scarce intreat you to perform your boast.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the Field;
We have had paltry Wars, since you refus'd
The Grecian cause.

Achill. Dost thou entreat me *Hector*?
To morrow will I meet thee fierce as death;
To Night all peace.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First all you Grecian Princes go with me,
And entertain great *Hector*, afterwards,
As his own leasure shall concur with yours,
You may invite him to your several Tents.

[*Exeunt* Agam. Hect. Menel. Nestor, Diomede, *together.*

Troil. My Lord *Ulysses*
Tell me, I beseech you,
In what part of the Field does *Calchas* lodge?

Ulyss. At *Menelaus* Tent;
There *Diomede* does Feast with him to Night:
Who neither looks on Heaven or on Earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view,
On *Cressida* alone.

Troil. Shall I, brave Lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from *Agamemnons* Tent,
To bring me thither.

Ulyss. I shall wait on you.
As freely tell me, of what honour was
This *Cressida* in *Troy*? had she no Lovers there
Who mourn her absence?

Troil. O Sir, to such as boasting shows their scars
Reproof is due, she lov'd and was belov'd:
That's all I must impart. Lead on my Lord.

Exeunt Ulysses, Troilus.

Achill. to *Patro.* I'll heat his blood with Greekish Wine to Night,

Which

Which with my Sword I mean to cool morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Enter Therſites.

Patro. Here comes *Therſites*.

Achill. How now thou core of Envy,
Thou crufty batch of Nature, what's the news?

Therſ. Why thou Picture of what thou ſeemeſt, thou Idol of Ideot worſhippers, there's a Letter for thee.

Achill. From whence, Fragment?

Therſ. Why thou full diſh of Fool, from *Troy*.

Patroc. Well ſaid Adverſity, what makes thee ſo keen to day?

Therſ. Becauſe a Fool's my Whetſtone.

Patro. Meaning me?

Therſ. Yes, meaning thy no meaning; prithee be ſilent, boy, I profit not by thy talk: Now the rotten diſeaſes of the South, Gut-gripings, Ruptures, Catarrhs, loads of Gravel in the Back, Lethargies, cold palſies, and the like, take thee, and take thee again; thou greeen Sarcenet flap for a ſore Eye, thou taſſel of a prodigals purſe, thou: Ah how the poor world is peſter'd with ſuch water-flies: ſuch diminutives of Nature.

Achill. My dear *Patroclus*, I am quite prevented
From my great purpoſe, bent on *Hector's* life:
Here is a Letter from my Love *Polixena*,
Both taxing and ingaging me to keep
An Oath that I have ſworn: and will not break it
To ſave all Greece: let honour go or ſtay,
There's more Religion in my Love than Fame.

Exeunt Achilles, Patroclus.

Therſ. With too much blood, and too little brain, theſe two are running mad before the Dog-days. There's *Agamemnon* too, an honeſt fellow enough, and loves a brimmer heartily; but he has not ſo much brains as an old gander. But his brother *Menelaus*, there's a fellow; the goodly transformation of *Jupiter* when he lov'd *Europa*: the primitive Cuckold, a vile Monkey ty'd eternally to his brothers table, to be a Dog, a Mule, a Cat, a Toad, an Owl, a Lizard, a Herring without a roe, I wou'd not care; but to be *Menelaus* I wou'd conſpire againſt deſtiny —— Hey day! will with a wiſpe, and Jack a Lanthorn!

Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Diomede, Ulyſſes, Troilus, *going with Torches over the Stage.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis, there where we ſee the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. Not at all Couſin; here comes *Achilles* himſelf to guide us.

Enter Achilles.

Achill. Welcome brave *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Agam. So now, brave Prince of *Troy* I take my leave;
Ajax commands the guard to wait on you.

Men. Good night my Lord.

Hect. Good night Sweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Therſ. aſide. Sweet quoth a! ſweet Sink, ſweet Shore, ſweet Jakes!

Achill. Neſtor will ſtay; and you Lord *Diomede*
Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.

Diom. I cannot Sir, I have important buſineſs.

Achill. Enter my Lords.

Ulyſſ. to Troil. Follow his torch: he goes to *Calchas*'s tent.

[*Exeunt* Achill. Hect. Ajax *at one way*, Diomede, *another, and after him* Ullyſſes, Troilus.

Therſ. This *Diomede*'s a moſt falſe-hearted rogue,
an unjuſt Knave: I will no more truſt him when he winks with one eye, then I will a Serpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth and promiſe, like Brabbler the Hound: but when he performs, Aſtronomers ſet it down for a Prodigy; though I long to ſee *Hector*, I cannot forbear dogging him: they ſay he keeps a *Trojan* Drab, and uſes *Calchas* Tent, that fugitive Prieſt of *Troy*, that Canonical Rogue of our ſide. I'l after him, nothing but Whoring in this Age; all incontinent Raſcals. *Exit* Therſites.

Enter Calchas, Creſſida.

Calch. O, what a bleſſing is a vertuous Child!
Thou haſt reclaim'd my mind, and calm'd my paſſions
Of anger and revenge: my love to *Troy*
Revives within me, and my loſt *Tyara*
No more diſturbs my mind.

Creſſ. A vertuous Conqueſt.

Calch. I have a womans longing to return;
But yet which way without your aid I know not.

Creſſ. Time muſt inſtruct us how.

Calch. You muſt diſſemble love to *Diomede* ſtill:
Falſe *Diomede*, bred in *Ulyſſes* School,
Can never be deceiv'd
But by ſtrong Arts and blandiſhments of love,
Put 'em in practice all, ſeem loſt and won,
And draw him on, and give him line again;
This *Argus* then may cloſe his hundred eyes,
And leave our flight more eaſy.

Creſſ. How can I anſwer this to love and *Troilus*?

Calchas. Why, 'tis for him you do it, promiſe largely,
That Ring he ſaw you wear, he much ſuſpects

Was

Was given you by a Lover; let him have it.

Diom. within. Hoa, *Calchas*, *Calchas!*

Calch. Hark! I hear his voice:
Purſue your project, doubt not the ſucceſs.

Creſſ. Heaven knows againſt my will; and yet my hopes
This night to meet my *Troilus*, while 'tis truce
Afford my mind ſome eaſe.

Calch. No more, retire. [*Exit* Creſſida.

Enter Diomede; Troilus *and* Ulyſſes *appear liſtening at one door, and* Therſites *watching at another.*

Diom. I came to ſee your Daughter, worthy *Calchas*.

Calch. My Lord I'll call her to you. *Exit* Calchas.

Ulyſſes to *Troil.* Stand where the Torch may not diſcover us.

Enter Creſſida.

Troil. Creſſida comes forth to him!

Diom. How now my charge?

Creſſ. Now my ſweet Guardian, hark a word with you. *Whiſper.*

Troil. I, ſo familiar!

Diom. Will you remember?

Creſſ. Remember, yes.

Troil. Heav'ns! what ſhou'd ſhe remember? plague and madneſs!

Ulyſſes. Prince, you are mov'd; let us depart in time,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge it ſelf
To wrathful terms; this place is dangerous,
The time unfit, 'beſeech you let us go.

Troil. I pray you ſtay; by Hell, and by Hell torments
I will not ſpeak a word.

Diom. I'll hear no more; good night.

Creſſ. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troil. Does that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!

Diom. Farewell Couſener.

Creſſ. Indeed I am not: pray come back again.

Ulyſſ. You ſhake my Lord at ſomething: will you go?
You will break out.

Troil. By all the Gods I will not.
There is between my will and all my actions,
A guard of patience; ſtay a little while.

Therſ. aſide. How the Devil Luxury, with his fat rump, and potato finger, tickles theſe together! put him off a little, you fooliſh Harlot, 'twill ſharpen him the more.

Diom. But will you then?

Creſſ. I will as ſoon as e'r the War's concluded.

Diom.

Diom. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it,
The Ring I ſaw you wear.

Creſſ. Giving it. If you muſt have it.

Troil. The Ring! nay then 'tis plain, O beauty where's thy faith?

Ulyſſ. You have ſworn patience.

Therſi. That's well, that's well, the pledge is given, hold her to her word good Devil, and her ſoul's thine I warrant thee.

Diom. Whoſe was't?

Creſſ. By all *Dianas* waiting train of ſtars,
And by her ſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.

Diom. Why then thou lov'ſt him ſtill, farewel for ever;
Thou never ſhalt mock *Diomede* again.

Creſſ. You ſhall not go, one cannot ſpeak a word
But ſtraight it ſtarts you.

Diom. I do not like this fooling.

Therſ. Nor I by *Pluto:* but that which likes not me, pleaſes me beſt;

Diom. I ſhall expect your promiſe.

Creſſ. I'll perform it,
Not a word more; good night —— I hope for ever: [*aſide.*
Thus to deceive deceivers is no fraud.

[*Exeunt* Diomede, Creſſida *ſeverally.*

Ulyſſ. All's done my Lord.

Troil. Is it?

Ulyſſ. Pray let us go.

Troil. Was *Creſſida* here?

Ulyſſ. I cannot Conjure *Trojan.*

Troil. She was not ſure! ſhe was not.
Let it not be believ'd for womanhood:
Think we had Mothers, do not give advantage
To biting Satyr, apt without a theme,
For defamation, to ſquare all the ſex
By *Creſſid's* rule, rather think this not *Creſſida.*

Therſ. Will he ſwagger himſelf out on's own eyes?

Troil. This ſhe! no, this was *Diomedes Creſſida.*
If beauty have a Soul, this is not ſhe:
I cannot ſpeak for rage, that Ring was mine,
By Heaven I gave it in that point of time
When both our joys were fulleſt! —— if he keeps it
Let Dogs eat *Troilus.*

Therſ. He'll tickle it for his Concupy: this will be ſport to ſee! *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intelligence of this Whore; a Parrot will not do more for an Almond, than he will for a commodious drab: I wou'd I cou'd meet with this Rogue *Diomede* too; I wou'd croke like a Raven to him; I wou'd bode: it ſhall go hard but I'll find him out. *Exit* Therſites.

Enter

Enter Æneas.

Æn. I have been seeking you this hour, my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in *Troy*.
Ulyss. Commend me gallant *Troilus* to your Brother:
Tell him I hope he shall not need to arm:
The fair *Polixena* has by a letter
Disarm'd our great *Achilles* of his rage.
Troil. This I shall say to *Hector*.
Ulyss. So I hope;
Pray Heaven *Thersites* have inform'd me true, —— [*aside.*
Troil. Good night, my Lord; accept distrasted thanks.
[*Exit* Ulysses.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. Hear ye, my Lord, hear ye; I have been seeing yon poor girl. There have been old doings there i'faith.
Troil. aside. Hold yet, my Spirits; let him pour it in,
The Poyson's kind, the more I drink of it
The sooner 'twill dispatch me.
Æne. to Pand. Peace you babbler!
Pand. She has been mightily made on by the *Greeks*: she takes most wonderfully among 'em: *Achilles* kiss'd her, and *Patroclus* kiss'd her: Nay, and old *Nestor* put aside his gray beard and brush'd her with his whiskers. Then comes me *Agamemnon* with his Generals Staff, diving with a low bow e'en to the ground, and rising again, just at her lips: And after him came *Ulysses*, and *Ajax*, and *Menelaus*: and they so pelted her i'faith: pitter patter, pitter patter, as thick as hail-stones. And after that a whole rout of 'em: Never was woman in *Phrygia* better kiss'd.
Troil. aside. *Hector* said true: I find, I find it now!
Pand. And last of all comes me *Diomede* so demurely: that's a notable sly Rogue I warrant him! mercy upon us, how he laid her on upon the lips! for as I told you, she's most mightily made on among the *Greeks*. What, cheer up I say Man! she has every ones good word. I think in my conscience, she was born with a caull upon her head.
Troil. aside. Hell, death, confusion, how he tortures me.
Pand. And that Rogue-Priest my Brother, is so courted and treated for her sake: the young Sparks do so pull him about, and hall him by the Cassock: nothing but invitations to his Tent, and his Tent, and his Tent. Nay, and one of 'em was so bold, as to ask him if she were a Virgin, and with that the Rogue my Brother, takes me up a little God in his hand, and kisses it; and swears devoutly that she was, then was I ready to burst my sides with laughing, to think what had pass'd betwixt you two.
Troil. O I can bear no more, she's falshood all;
False by both kinds, for with her mothers milk

She

She ſuck'd th'infuſion of her Fathers Soul:
She only wants an opportunity,
Her Soul's a Whore already.

Pand. What wou'd you make a Monopoly of a Womans Lips; a little conſolation or ſo, might be allow'd one wou'd think, in a lovers abſence!

Troil. Hence from my ſight, let ignominy brand thy hated name:
Let Modeſt Matrons at thy mention ſtart;
And bluſhing Virgins, when they read our Annals,
Skip o'r the guilty page that holds thy Legend,
And blots the noble work.

Pand. O world, world; thou art an ungrateful patch of Earth: Thus the poor Agent is deſpis'd, he labours painfully in his calling, and trudges between parties: but when their turns are ſerv'd, come out's too good for him. I am mighty melancholy: I'll e'n go home, and ſhut up my doors; and dye o'th ſullens like an old bird in a Cage.

Exit Pandarus.

Enter Diomede *and* Therſites.

Therſ. aſide. There, there he is; now let it work: now play thy part jealouſy, and twinge 'em; put 'em between thy milſtones, and grinde the Rogues together.

Diom. My Lord I am by *Ajax* ſent to inform you
This hour muſt end the truce.

Æneas to *Troil.* Contain your ſelf;
Think where we are.

Diom. Your ſtay will be unſafe.

Troil. It may for thoſe I hate.

Therſ. aſide. Well ſaid *Trojan:* there's the firſt hit.

Diom. Beſeech you Sir make haſte, my own affairs
Call me another way.

Therſ. aſide. What affairs? what affairs? demand that Dolthead: the Rogue will loſe a quarrel for want of wit to ask that queſtion.

Troil. May I enquire where your affairs conduct you?

Therſ. aſide. Well ſaid again, I beg thy pardon.

Diom. Oh, it concerns you not.

Troil. Perhaps it does.

Diom. You are too inquiſitive; nor am I bound
To ſatisfy an Enemies requeſt.

Troil. You have a Ring upon your finger *Diomede,*
And given you by a Lady.

Diom. If it were; 'twas given to one who can defend her gift.

Therſ. aſide. So, ſo, the Boars begin to gruntle at one another: ſet up your briſtles now a' both ſides: whet and foam Rogues.

Troil. You muſt reſtore it *Greek,* by Heaven you muſt:
No ſpoil of mine ſhall grace a Traitors hand.

And

And with it, give me back the broken vows
Of my falſe fair; which, perjur'd as ſhe is,
I never will reſign, but with my Soul.

Diom. Then thou it ſeems art that forſaken fool
Who wanting merit to preſerve her heart,
Repines in vain to ſee it better plac'd;
But know, (for now I take a pride to grieve thee)
Thou art ſo loſt a thing in her eſteem,
I never heard thee nam'd, but ſcorn follow'd:
Thou wert our table talk for laughing meals:
Thy name our ſportful theme for Evening walks:
And intermiſſive hours of cooler Love:
When hand in hand we went. [*Troil.*] Hell and furies!

Therſi. Aſide. O well ſtung Scorpion!
Now *Menelaus* his Greek horns are out o' doors, there's a new Cuckold ſtart up on the Trojan ſide.

Troil. Yet this was ſhe, ye Gods that very ſhe,
Who in my arms lay melting all the Night;
Who kiſs'd and ſigh'd, and ſigh'd, and kiſs'd again,
As if her Soul flew upward to her lips,
To meet mine there, and panted at the paſſage.
Who loth to find the breaking day, look'd out,
And ſhrunk into my boſom, there to make
A little longer darkneſs.

Diom. Plagues and tortures!

Therſi. Good, good, by *Pluto*! theſe fool's mad to looſe his harlot: and our fool's mad, that t'other fool had her firſt: if I ſought peace now, I cou'd tell 'em there's punk enough to ſatisfie 'em both: whore ſufficient! but let 'em worry one another, the fooliſh curs; they think they can never have enough of carrion.

Æneas. My Lords, this fury is not proper here,
In time of truce; if either ſide be injur'd
To morrow's Sun will riſe apace and then——

Troil. And then! but why ſhould I defer till then?
My blood calls now, there is no truce for Traytors.
My vengeance rowls within my breaſt, it muſt,
It will have vent.—— [*Draws*

Diom Hinder us not *Æneas*,
My blood rides high as his, I truſt thy honour;
And know thou art to brave a foe to break it.—— [*Draws*

Therſi. Now Moon! now ſhine ſweet Moon! let 'em have juſt light enough to make their paſſes: and not light enough to ward 'em.

Æne. Drawing too. by Heav'n he comes on this who ſtrikes the firſt,
You both are mad, is this like gallant men
To fight at midnight; at the Murderers hour?

When only guilt and rapin draws a Sword?
Let night enjoy her dues of ſoft repoſe;
But let the Sun behold the brave mans courage.
And this I dare engage for *Diomede*,
Foe though I am, he ſhall not hide his head,
But meet you in the very face of danger.

Diom. putting up. Be't ſo: and were it on ſome precipice
High as *Olympus*, and a Sea beneath,
Call when thou dar'ſt, juſt on the ſharpeſt point
I'le meet, and tumble with thee to deſtruction.

Troil. A gnawing conſcience haunts not guilty men
As I'le haunt thee, to ſummon thee to this,
Nay, ſhould'ſt thou take the *Stygian lake* for refuge
I'le plunge in after, through the boiling flames
To puſh thee hiſſing down the vaſt Abyſſe.

Diom. Where ſhall we meet?

Troil. Before the Tent of *Calchas*:
Thither, through all your Troops, I'll fight my way;
And in the ſight of perjur'd *Creſſida*
Give death to her through thee.

Diom. Tis largely promis'd.
But I diſdain to anſwer with a boaſt;
Be ſure thou ſhalt be met.

Troil. And thou be found. [*Exeunt* Troilus, *Æneas, one way:*
Diomede *the other.*

Therſ. Now the furies take *Æneas*, for letting 'em ſleep upon their quarrell: who knows but reſt may cool their brains, and make 'em riſe manlikſh to miſchief upon conſideration? May each of 'em dream he ſees his Cockatrice in t'others arms and be ſtabbing one another in their ſleep, to remember 'em of their buſineſs when they wake: let 'em be punctual to the point of honour; and if it were poſſible let both be firſt at the place of Execution. Let neither of 'em have cogitation enough, to conſider 'tis a whore they fight for: and let 'em value their lives at as little as they are worth. And laſtly let no ſucceding fools take warning by 'em; but in imitation of them when a Strumpet is in queſtion,

Let 'em beneath their feet all reaſon trample;
And think it great to periſh by Example. *Exit.*

ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Hector, Trojans, Andromache.

Hect. THe blew mists rise from off the nether grounds,
And the Sun mounts apace: to arms, to arms:
I am resolv'd to put to th' utmost proof
The fate of *Troy* this day.

Andro. aside. Oh, wretched woman, oh!

Hect. Methought I heard you sigh, *Andromache*!

Andro. Did you my Lord?

Hect. Did you my Lord? you answer indirectly,
Just when I said that I wou'd put our fate
Upon th' extreamest proof, you fetch'd a groan;
And, as you check'd your self, for what you did
You stifl'd it, and stopt. Come you are sad.

Andro. The Gods forbid?

Hect. What should the Gods forbid?

Andro. That I shou'd give you cause of just offence.

Hect. You say well: but you look not cheerfully.
I mean this day to waste the stock of war,
And lay it prodigally out in blows:
Come gird my sword, and smile upon me, love;
Like victory come flying to my arms;
And give me earnest of desir'd success.

Andro. The Gods protect you, and restore you to me.

Hect. What, grown a Coward? then wert us'd, *Andromache*,
To give my courage, courage: thou wouldst cry
Go *Hector*; day grows old; and part of Fame
Is ravish'd from thee, by thy slothfull stay.

Andro. aside. What shall I do, to seem the same I was?
Come let me gird thy fortune to thy side;
And conquest sit as close, and sure as this.

She goes to gird his Sword: and is struck.

Now mercy, Heaven! the Gods avert this omen!

Hect. A foolish omen! take it up again;
And mend thy errour.

Andro. I cannot: for my hand obeys me not.
But as in slumbers, when we fain wou'd run,
From our imagin'd fears, our idle feet
Grow to the ground, our struggling voice dyes inward,
So now, when I wou'd force my self to chear you,
My faltring tongue can give no glad presage;
Alas, I am no more *Andromache*.

Hect. Why then thy former Soul is flown to me:
For I, methinks, am lifted into air:
As if my mind, mastring my mortal part
Wou'd bear my exalted body to the Gods.
Last night I dreamt *Jove* sate on *Ida's* top
And beckning with his hand divine from far,
He pointed to a quire of Demi-gods,
Bacchus, and *Hercules*, and all the rest
Who free from humane toils had gain'd the pitch
Of blest eternity: lo there he said;
Lo there's a place for *Hector*.

Andro. Be to thy Enemies this boding dream.

Hect. Why it portends me honour and renown.

Andro. Such honour, as the Brave gain after death.
For I have dreamt all night of horrid slaughters,
Of trampling horses, and of Charriot wheels
Wading in blood up to their Axel-trees.
Of fiery *Demons* gliding down the Skyes,
And *Ilium* brighten'd with a midnight blaze;
O therefore, if thou lov'st me, go not forth.

Hect. Go to thy bed again; and there dream better.
Ho, bid my Trumpet Sound.

Andro. No notes of sally for the Heaven's sweet sake.
Tis not for nothing when my Spirits droop:
This is a day when thy ill Stars are strong
When they have driv'n thy helpless genius down
The steep of Heaven to some obscure retreat.

Hect. No more; ev'n as thou lov'st my fame, no more:
My honour stands ingag'd to meet *Achilles*:
What will the *Grecians* think, or what will he,
Or what will *Troy*, or what wilt thou thy self,
When once this ague fit of fear is o'r;
If I should lose my honour for a dream?

Andro. Your Enemies too well your courage know,
And Heaven abhors the forfeit of rash vows,
Like spotted Livers in a Sacrifice.
I cannot; O I dare not let you go:
For when you leave me, my presaging mind
Says, I shall never, never see you more.

Hect. Thou excellently good, but oh too soft,
Let me not scape the danger of this day,
But I have struggling in my manly Soul
To see those modest tears, asham'd to fall,
And witness any part of woman in thee!
And now I fear, lest thou should'st think it fear;

If thus disswaded I refuse to fight,
And stay inglorious in thy arms at home,
Andr. Oh cou'd I have that thought, I shou'd not love thee;
Thy Soul is proof to all things but to Vndecs.
And therefore 'twas that I forbore to tell thee
How mad *Cassandra*, full of prophecy
Ran round the streets, and like a Bachanal
Cry'd hold him *Priam*, 'tis an ominous day,
Let him not go, for *Hector* is no more.
Hect. Our life is short, but to extend that span
To vast Eternity is virtues work.
Therefore to thee, and not to fear of fate
Which once must come to all, give I this day;
But see thou move no more the like request:
For rest assur'd that to regain this hour
To morrow will I tempt a double danger:
Mean time, let Destiny accept the leisure,
I reckon this one day a blank of life.

Enter Troilus.

Troil. Where are you Brother? now in honour's name,
What do you mean to be thus long unarm'd?
Th' imbattel'd Souldiers throng about the gates:
The Matrons to the turrets tops ascend,
Holding their helpless children in their arms,
To make you early known to their young eyes,
And *Hector* is the universal shout.
Hect. Bid all unarm, I will not fight to day.
Troil. Employ some coward to bear back this news,
And let the children hoot him for his pains;
By all the gods, and by my just revenge,
This Sun shall shine the last for them or us
These noisy streets or yonder ecchoing plains
Shall be to morrow silent as the grave.
Andro. O Brother do not urge a brothers fate,
But let this rack of heav'n and earth awhile,
And when the storm is past, put out to sea.
Troil. Oh now I know from whence his change proceeds,
Some frantick Augur has observ'd the Skyes;
Some victim wants a heart, or crow flys wrong;
By heav'n 'twas never well, since sawcy Priests
Grew to be Masters of the listning herd:
And into Miters cleft the Regal Crown.
Then as the Earth were scanty for their pow'r,
They drew the pomp of Heav'n to wait on them;
Shall I go publish *Hector* dares not fight,

Because

Becauſe a mad-man dreamt he talk'd with *Jove*?
What cou'd the God ſee in a brain-ſick Prieſt,
That he ſhould ſooner talk to him than me?

Hect. You know my name's not liable to fear.

Troil. Yes, to the worſt of fear, to ſuperſtition.
But whether that or fondneſſe of a wife,
(The more unpardonable ill) has ſeiz'd you,
Know this, the *Grecians* think you fear *Achilles*,
And that *Polixena* has beg'd your life.

Hect. How! that my life is beg'd, and by my ſiſter?

Troil. *Ulyſſes* ſo inform'd me at our parting,
With a malicious and diſdainfull ſmile:
'Tis true, he ſaid not in broad words you fear'd,
But in well-manner'd terms 'twas ſo agreed
Achilles ſhou'd avoid to meet with *Hector*.

Hect. He thinks my Siſters treaſon, my petition,
That largely vaunting in my heat of blood
More then I cou'd, it ſeems, or durſt perform,
I ſought evaſion.

Troil. And in private pray'd.

Hect. O yes, *Polixena*, to beg my life.

Andro. He cannot think ſo, do not urge him thus.

Hect. Not urge me! then thou think'ſt I need his urging.
By all the Gods ſhou'd *Jove* himſelf deſcend,
And tell me, *Hector* thou deſerv'ſt not life,
But take it as a boon; I wou'd not live.
But that a Mortal man, and he of all men
Shou'd think my life were in his power to give,
I will not reſt, till proſtrate on the ground
I make him *Atheiſt*-like, implore his breath
Of me and not of Heaven.

Troil. Then you'l refuſe no more to fight.

Hect. Refuſe! I'le not be hinder'd, Brother.
I'le through and through 'em, ev'n their hindmoſt ranks.
Till I have found that large ſiz'd boaſting fool
Who dare preſume my life is in his gift.

Andro. Farewell, farewell; 'tis vain to ſtrive with fate:
Caſſandra's raging God inſpires my breaſt,
With truths that muſt be told and not believ'd.
Look how he dyes! look how his Eyes turn pale!
Look how his blood burſts out at many vents!
Hark how *Troy* roars, how *Hecuba* crys out,
And widow'd I fill all the ſtreets with ſcreams!
Behold diſtraction, frenzy and amazement,

Like

Like Antiques meet, and tumble upon heaps!
And all cry *Hector*; *Hectors* dead! Oh *Hector*!

[*Exit* Andromache.

Hect. What sport will be when we return at Evening,
To laugh her out of count'nance for her dreams!

Troil. I have not quench'd my eyes with dewy sleep this Night;
But fiery fumes mount upward to my brains,
And when I breathe, methinks my nostrils hiss!
I shall turn Basilisk! and with my sight
Do my hands work, on *Diomede* this day.

Hect. To Arm, to Arms, the vantguards are ingag'd:
Let us not leave one Man to guard the Walls,
Both Old and young, the coward and the brave,
Be summon'd all, our utmost fate to try;
And as one body move, whose Soul am I.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Camp.*

Alarm within. Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Menelaus, Souldiers.

Agam. THus far the promise of the day is fair:
Æneas rather loses ground than gains,
I saw him overlabour'd, taking breath;
And leaning on his spear, behold our Trenches
Like a fierce Lyon looking up to toyls,
Which yet he durst not leap.

Ulyss. And therefore distant death does all the work:
The flights of whistling darts make brown the sky,
Whose clashing points strike fire, and guild the dusk:
Those that reach home, from neither host are vain,
So thick the preasse; so lusty are their arms,
That death seem'd never sent with better will,
Nor was with less concernment entertain'd.

Enter Nestor.

Agam. Now *Nestor*, what's the news?

Nestor. I have describ'd,
A cloud of dust that mounts in pillars upwards;
Expanding as it travells to our Camp,
And from the midst I heard a hurtling shout,
That rent the Heavens, as if all *Troy* were swarm'd,
And on the wing this way.

Menel. Let 'em come, let 'em come.

Agam. Where's great *Achilles*?

Nest.

Ulyss. Think not on *Achilles*:
Till *Hector* drag him from his Tent to fight,
(Which sure he will, for I have laid the train.)

Nest. But young *Patroclus* leads his Myrmidons;
And in their front, arm'd in the face of *Hector*,
Resolves to dare the Trojans.

Agam. Haste *Ulysses*, bid *Ajax* issue forth, and second him.

Ulyss. Oh Noble General, let it not be so.
Oppose not rage, while rage is in its force;
But give it way a while; and let it waste:
The rising deluge is not stopt with dams,
Those it o'rbears, and drowns the hopes of harvest.
But wisely manag'd its divided strength
Is sluc'd in channels, and securely drain'd:
First, let small parties dally with their fury.
But when their force is spent and unsupply'd
The residue with ease may be restrain'd,
And dry-shod, we may pass the naked ford.

Enter Thersites.

Therf. Ho, ho, ho!

Menel. Why dost thou laugh, unseasonable fool?

Therf. Why thou fool in season, cannot a man laugh, but thou think he makes horns at thee? Thou Prince of the Herd, what hast thou to do with laughing? Tis the prerogative of man to laugh! Thou Ambility without Reason: thou subject of laughter; Thou fool Royal:

Ulyss. But tell us the occasion of thy mirth?

Therf. Now a man asks me, I care not if I answer to my own kind: why the Enemies are broken into our Trenches: Fools like *Mirmidons* fall by thousands; yet not a humane Soul departs on either side. *Troilus* and *Ajax* have almost beaten one anothers heads off; but are both immortal for want of brains. *Patroclus* has kill'd *Sarpedon*; and *Hector* *Patroclus*; So there's a towardly springing fop gone off: He might have made a Prince one day: But now he's nipt in the very budd and promise of a most prodigious Coxcomb.

Agam. Bear off *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*:
Revenge will arm him now, and bring us aid.
Th' alarm Sounds near, and shouts are driv'n upon us,
As of a crowd confus'd in their retreat.

Ulyss. Open your Ranks, and make these mad men way:
Then close again, to charge upon their backs:
And quite consume the Reliques of the war.

[*Exeunt all but* Thersites.

Therf. What shoals of fools one battel sweeps away!
How it purges families of younger Brothers! Highways of Robbers, and

and Cities of Cuckold-makers! There's nothing like a pitch'd Battel, for these brisk Addle-heads! Your Physitian is a pretty fellow; but his Fees make him tedious; he rids not fast enough; the fools grow upon him; and their horse bodies are poyson proof. Your Pestilence is a quicker Remedy; but it has not the grace to make distinction; it huddles up honest men and Rogues together. But your battel has discretion; it picks out all the forward fools. And souses 'em together into Immortality.

[*Shouts and alarm within.*

Plague upon these Drums and Trumpets! these sharp sawces of the War, to get fools an Appetite to fighting; what do I among 'em? I shall be mistaken for some valiant Asse, and dye a Martyr in a wrong Religion.

Here Grecians *fly over the stage, pursued by* Trojans: *One* Trojan *turns back upon* Therſites *who is flying to.*

Trojan. Turn slave and fight.

Therſ. turning. What art thou?

Troj. A Bastard Son of *Priam's.*

Therſ. I am a Bastard too: I love Bastards: I am Bastard in body, Bastard in mind, Bastard in valour; in every thing illegitimate. A Bear will not fasten upon a Bear; why should one Bastard offend another? let us part fair, like true Sons of Whores; and have the fear of our Mothers before our eyes.

Troj. The Devil Take thee Coward. *Exit* Trojan

Therſ. Now wou'd I were either Invisible, or invulnerable; these Gods have a fine time on't; they can see and make mischief, and never feel it.

[*Clattring of swords at both doors; he runs each way, and meets the noise.*

A pox clatter you; I am compass'd in: Now wou'd I were that blockhead *Ajax* for a minute: some sturdy *Trojan* will poach me up with a long pole, and then the Rogues may kill one another upon free cost, and have no body left to laugh at 'em.

Now Destruction! now Destruction.

Enter Hector *and* Troilus *driving in the* Greeks.

Hect. to Ther. Speak what part thou fightest on?

Therſ. I fight not at all: I am for neither side.

Hect. Thou art a Greek: art thou a match for *Hector*? Art thou of blood and honour?

Therſ. No, I am a rascal; a scurvy railing Knave; a very filthy Rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee; live.

Therſ. God a mercy, that thou wilt believe me: but the Devil break thy neck for frighting me. [*aside.*

Troilus returning. What Prisoner have you there?

Hect. A gleaning of the war: a Rogue he says.

Troil. Dispatch him and away. [*going to kill him.*

Thers. Hold, hold: what is't no more but dispatch a man and away? I am in no such hast: I will not dye for *Greece*; I hate *Greece*, and by my good will wou'd nere have been born there; I was mistaken into that Country, and betray'd by my parents to be born there. And besides I have a mortal Enemy amongst the *Grecians*, one *Diomede* a damned villain, and cannot dye with a safe conscience till I have first murther'd him.

Troil. Shew me that *Diomede* and thou shalt live.

Thers. Come along with me and Ile conduct thee to *Calchas* his Tent, where I believe he's now making war with the Priests daughter.

Hect. Here we must part, our destinies divide us;
Brother and friend, farewell.

Troil. When shall we meet?

Hect. When the Gods please: if not, we once must part.
Look; on yon hill their squander'd Troops unite.

Troil. If I mistake not, 'tis their last Reserve:
The storm's blown o'r; and those but after drops.

Hect. I wish our Men be not too far ingag'd:
For few we are and spent; as having born
The burthen of the Day: but hap what can
They shall be charg'd: *Achilles* must be there;
And him I seek, or death.
Divide our Troops and take the fresher half.

Troil. O Brother,

Hect. No dispute of Ceremony,
These are enow for me; in faith enow:
Their bodies shall not flag while I can lead;
Nor wearied limbs confess Mortality,
Before those Ants that blacken all yon hill
Are crept into their Earth: Farewell. *Exit Hector.*

Troil. Farewell; come Greek.

Thers. Now these Rival-rogues will clapperclaw one another, and I shall have the sport on't. *Exit* Troil. *with* Thersites.

Enter Achilles *and* Myrmidons.

Achil. Which way went *Hector*?

Myrmid. Up yon sandy hill;
You may discern 'em by their smoaking track;
A wavering body working with bent hams
Against the rising, spent with painfull march,
And by loose-footing cast on heaps together.

Achil.

Achill O thou art gone! thou ſweeteſt, beſt of friends;
Why did I let thee tempt the ſhock of war
Ere yet they tender nerves had ſtrung thy limbs,
And knotted into ſtrength. Yet, though too late,
I will, I will revenge thee, my *Patroclus*!
Nor ſhall thy Ghoſt thy Murtherers long attend,
But thou ſhalt hear him calling *Charon* back,
E'r thou art wafted to the farther ſhore.
Make haſte, my Soldiers: give me this days pains,
For my dead friend ſtrike every hand with mine,
Till *Hector* breathleſs, on the ground we lay;
Revenge is honour, the ſecureſt way. *Exit with* Myrmidons.

[*Enter* Therſites, Troilus, Trojans.

Thers. That's *Calchas's* Tent.

Troil. Then that one ſpot of Earth contains more falſhood
Than all the Sun ſees in his race beſide.
That I ſhou'd truſt the Daughter of a Prieſt!
Prieſthood, that makes a Merchandiſe of Heaven:
Prieſthood, that ſells eve'n to their prayr's and bleſſings,
And forces us to pay for our own couſenage.

Thers. Nay cheats Heav'n too with entrails and with offals;
Gives it the garbadge of a Sacrifice,
And keeps the beſt for private Luxury.

Troil. Thou haſt deſerv'd thy life, for curſing Prieſts:
Let me embrace thee; thou art beautiful:
That back, that noſe; thoſe eyes are beautiful:
Live, thou art honeſt; for thou hat'ſt a Prieſt.

Therſ. aſide. Farewell Trojan; if I ſcape with life, as I hope; and thou art knock'd o'th head, as I hope too; I ſhall be the firſt that ever ſcap'd the revenge of a Prieſt, after curſing him; and thou wilt not be the laſt, I Prophecy, that a Prieſt will bring to ruin. [*Exit* Ther.

Troil. Methinks my ſoul is rowz'd to her laſt work:
Has much to do, and little time to ſpare.
She ſtarts within me, like a Traveller
Who ſluggiſhly out-ſlept his morning hour,
And mends in his pace, to reach his Inn betimes.

Noiſe within, follow, follow,

A Noiſe of Arms! the Traitor may be there:
Or elſe, perhaps, that conſcious ſcene of Love,
The Tent may hold him, yet I dare not ſearch
For oh, I fear to find him in that place. [*Exit.* Troilus.

Enter Calchas, Creſſida.

Creſſ. Where is he? I'le be juſtify'd or dye.

Calch. So quickly vaniſh'd! he was here but now;
He muſt be gone to ſearch for *Diomede*,
For *Diomede* told me, here they were to fight.
Creſſ. Alas! (*Calch.*) you muſt prevent, and not complain.
Creſſ. If *Troilus* dye, I have no ſhare in life.
Calch. If *Diomede* ſink beneath the ſword of *Troilus*,
We loſe not only a Protector here,
But are debar'd all future means of flight.
Creſſi. What then remains?
Calch. To interpoſe betimes
Betwixt their ſwords; or if that cannot be,
To interceed for him, who ſhall be vanquiſh'd,
Fate leaves no middle courſe. *Exit.* Calchas.

Cloſhing within.

Creſſi. Ah me! I hear e'm;
And fear 'tis paſt prevention.

Enter Diomede, *retiring before* Troilus, *and falling as he enters.*

Troil. Now beg thy life, or dye.
Diom. No: uſe thy fortune:
I loath the life, which thou canſt give, or take.
Troil. Scornſt thou my mercy villian? — take thy wiſh. —
Creſſi. Hold, hold your hand my Lord, and hear me ſpeak.

Troilus *turns back: in which time* Diomede *riſes: Trojans and Greeks enter, and rank themſelves on both ſides of their Captains.*

Troil. Did I not hear the voice of perjur'd *Creſſida*?
Com'ſt thou to give the laſt ſtab to my heart?
As if the proofs of all thy former falſhood
Were not enough convincing, com'ſt thou now
To beg my Rivals life?
Whom, oh, if any ſpark of truth remain'd,
Thou coud'ſt not thus, ev'n to my face prefer?
Creſſi. What ſhall I ſay? that you ſuſpect me falſe
Has ſtruck me dumb; but let him live my *Troilus*,
By all our loves, by all our paſt endearments
I do adjure thee ſpare him.
Troil. Hell, and death!
Creſſi. If ever I had pow'r to bend your mind,
Believe me ſtill your faithful *Creſſida*:
And though my innocence appear like guilt,
Becauſe I make his forfeit life my ſuit,
'Tis but for this, that my return to you
Wou'd be cut off for ever by his death.
My father, treated like a ſlave and ſcorn'd,

My ſelf in hated bonds a Captive held.
Troil. Cou'd I believe thee, cou'd I think thee true
In triumph wou'd I bear thee back to *Troy*,
Though *Greece* could rally all her ſhatter'd troops,
And ſtand embattel'd to oppoſe my way.
But, Oh, thou Syren, I will ſtop my ears
To thy enchanting notes; the winds ſhall bear
Upon their wings, thy words more light than they.
Creſſi. Alas I but diſſembled love to him;
If ever he had any proof beyond
What modeſty might give.——
Diom. No? witneſſe this ——(*the Ring ſhown.*)
There, take her Trojan; thou deſerv'ſt her beſt,
You good, kind-natur'd, well-believing fools
Are treaſures to a woman.
I was a jealous, hard vexatious Lover
And doubted ev'n this pledge till full poſſeſſion:
But ſhe was honourable to her word;
And I have no juſt reaſon to complain.
Creſſi. O, unexampled, frontleſſe impudence!
Troil. Hell ſhow me ſuch another tortur'd wretch, as *Troilus.*
Diom. Nay, grieve not: I reſign her freely up:
I'm ſatisfi'd: and dare engage for *Creſſida*,
That if you have a promiſe of her perſon,
She ſhall be willing to come out of debt.
Creſſie. [*kneeling.*] My only Lord, by all thoſe holy vows,
Which if there be a pow'r above, are binding,
Or, if there be a Hell below, are fearful,
May every imprecation, which your rage
Can wiſh on me, take place, if I am falſe.
Diom. Nay ſince you'r ſo concern'd to be believ'd,
I'me ſorry I have preſs'd my charge ſo far;
Be what you wou'd be thought: I can be grateful.
Troil. Grateful! Oh torment, now hells bleweſt flames
Receive her quick; with all her crimes upon her.
Let her ſink ſpotted down. Let the dark hoſt
Make room; and point: and hiſſe her as ſhe goes.
Let the moſt branded Ghoſts of all her Sex
Rejoyce, and cry, here comes a blacker fiend.
Let her——
Creſſi. Enough my Lord; you've ſaid enough:
This faithleſſe, perjur'd hated *Creſſida*,
Shall be no more, the ſubject of your Curſes:
Some few hours hence, and grief had done your work;
But then your eyes had miſs'd the Satisfaction.

Which

Which thus I give you — thus — [*She ſtabs her ſelf, they both run to her,*

Diom. Help; ſave her, help.

Creſſi. Stand off; and touch me not, thou Traitor, *Diomede:*
But you, my only *Troilus* come near:
Truſt me the wound which I have giv'n this breaſt
Is far leſs painful, than the wound you gave it.
Oh, can you yet believe, that I am true?

Troil. This were too much, ev'n if thou hadſt been falſe:
But Oh, thou pureſt, whiteſt innocence,
(For ſuch I know thee now) too late I know it.
May all my curſes, and ten thouſand more
Heavier than they, fall back upon my head,
Pelion and *Oſſa* from the Gyants grave,
Be torn by ſome avenging Deity,
And hurld at me, a bolder wretch then they,
Who durſt invade the Skies.

Creſſi. Hear him not Heavens,
But hear me bleſs him with my lateſt breath:
And ſince I queſtion not your hard decree,
That doom'd my days unfortunate and few,
Add all to him, you take away from me;
And I dye happy that he thinks me true. [*Dyes.*

Troil. She's gone for ever, and ſhe bleſt me dying,
Cou'd ſhe have curs'd me worſe? ſhe dy'd for me;
And like a woman, I lament for her.
Diſtraction pulls me ſeveral ways at once,
Here pity calls me to weep out my eyes;
Deſpair then turns me back upon my ſelf,
And bids me ſeek no more, but finiſh here: [*Sword to his breaſt.*
Ha, ſmil'ſt thou Traitor? thou inſtruct'ſt me beſt,
And turn'ſt my juſt revenge to puniſh thee.

Diom. Thy worſt, for mine has been beforehand with thee,
I triumph in thy vain credulity,
Which levels thy deſpairing ſtate to mine:
But yet thy folly to believe a foe,
Makes thine the ſharper, and more ſhamefull loſs.

Troil. By my few moments of remaining life;
I did not hope for any future joy,
But thou haſt given me pleaſure e'r I dye,
To puniſh ſuch a Vilain.——Fight apart. [*To his Souldiers.*
For Heaven and Hell have mark'd him out for me,
And I ſhou'd grudg ev'n his leaſt drop of blood,
To any other hand.——

Troilus

[Troilus *and* Diomede *fight, and both parties engage at the same time: The Trojans make the Greeks retire, and* Troilus *makes* Diomede *give ground and hurts him, Trumpets sound,* Achilles *Enters with his Myrmidons, on the backs of the Trojans, who fight in a Ring encompass'd round:* Troilus *singling* Diomede *gets him down and kills him: and* Achilles *kills* Troilus *upon him. All the Trojans dye upon the place,* Troilus *last.*

Enter Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, Ajax, *and Attendants.*

Achill. Our toyls are done, and those aspiring Walls
(The work of Gods, and almost mateing Heaven,)
Must crumble into rubbish on the plain.
Agam. When mighty *Hector* fell beneath thy Sword,
Their Old foundations shook, their nodding Towers
Threatned from high, the amaz'd Inhabitants:
And Guardian Gods for fear forsook their Fanes.
Achill. Patroclus, now be quiet: *Hector*'s dead:
And as a second off'ring to thy Ghost,
Lyes *Troilus* high upon a heap of slain:
And noble *Diomede* beneath; whose death
This hand of mine reveng'd.
Ajax. Reveng'd it basely.
For *Troilus* fell by multitudes oppress;
And so fell *Hector*, but 'tis vain to talk.
Ulyss. Hail *Agamemnon!* truly Victor now,
While secret envy, and while open pride,
Among thy factious Nobles discord threw;
While publique good was urg'd for private ends,
And those thought Patriots, who disturb'd it most;
Then like the headstrong horses of the Sun,
That light which shou'd have cheer'd the World, consum'd it:
Now peacefull order has resum'd the reins,
Old Time looks young, and Nature seems renew'd:
Then, since from homebred Factions ruine springs,
Let Subjects learn obedience to their Kings.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

The

The Epilogue.

Spoken by Therſites.

THeſe cruel Critiques put me into paſſion;
For in their lowring looks I read damnation:
Ye expect a Satyr, and I ſeldom fail,
When I'm firſt beaten, 'tis my part to rail.
You Britiſh fools, of the Old Trojan ſtock,
That ſtand ſo thick one cannot miſs the ſtock,
Poets have cauſe to dread a keeping Pit,
When Womens Cullyes come to judge of Wit.
As we ſtrow Rats-bane when we vermine fear,
'Twere worth our coſt to ſcatter Fool-bane here.
And after all our judging Fops were ſerv'd,
Dull Poets too ſhou'd have a doſe reſerv'd,
Such Reprobates as paſt all ſence of ſhaming
Write on, and ne'r are ſatisfy'd with damning,
Next, thoſe, to whom the Stage does not belong
Such whoſe Vocation onely is to Song;
At moſt to Prologue, when for want of time
Poets take in for Journy work in Rhime.
But I want curſes for thoſe mighty ſholes,
Of ſcribling Chloriſſes, *and* Phillis *fools,*
Thoſe Oaphs ſhou'd be reſtraind, during their lives,
From Pen and Ink, as Madmen are from knives:
I cou'd rayl on, but twere a talk as vain
As Preaching truth at Rome, *or wit in* Spain,
Yet to hnff out our Play was worth my trying,
John Lilburn *ſcap'd his Judges by defying:*
If guilty, yet I'm ſure oth' Churches bleſſing,
By ſuffering for the Plot, without confeſſing.

FINIS.